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E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams,

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#### QUESTIONING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Under the grass, darling, Say, can you see How the blue violet Blows for the bee?

Lying all wrapped in rest, Love, do you know How o'er your low, green bed Days come and go?

When by your side is laid Those known of old, Then do you whisper To them thro' the mold?

Can you know aught, dear, Of earth's good or ill Resting so peacefully Here on the hill?

They lay me down, darling, 'Neath blossoms or snows, Then through the dust, darling, Clasp my hand close.

Clasp me, and whisper My name, as of old, And the warmth of the old love Will baffle the cold.

Out of your grave, dear, Answer me this,— Is the peace that came sweeter Than love's long, last kiss?

# Freelance,

The Cavalier Corsair;

THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Nautical Romance of the Early Years of the Nineteenth Century.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "THE CRETAN ROVER," "MERLE, THE MUTINEER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

WITHOUT MERCY.

THE harbor into which the corsair had sought refuge, was one of the rendezvous of the piratical hordes that were found along the coast of Morocco at the time of which I write.

It was strongly fortified, and from its well-protected haven, half a dozen vessels, large and small, were wont to sally forth to cruise against the commerce of the world, and though carrying the flag of the Moor, also floated above their deck the black ensign of the pirate, which certainly was more fit to represent their dark deeds.

Over this stronghold and fleet El Reis Above.

Over this stronghold and fleet El Rais Al kah, or the Red Rais, held command, while was also a chief of a mountain tribe of Moors known as the Amazergs, and a brave and war-like race of which his father had been sheik be-

Twenty-five or six years before, an American girl, a captive, had been purchased by Sheik Aboukah, and the Red Rais was the offspring of this ill-matched union, though the old chieftain had always treated his fair young wife

with great courtesy and kindness.

Contrary to the wish of his parents, the young Aboukah took to the sea, and his great courage soon placed him in command of a vessel, and won for him the respect and admiration of his sultan, who made him commodore of the stronghold and fleet.

Though a bold rover and who had won the

stronghold and fleet.

Though a bold rover, and who had won the name of the Red Rais upon account of his many victories and battles, El Rais was wont to spend a few months of each year at his mountain home with his parents, until death took from him his mother, and his father dying soon after the young corsair became chief, or sheik of the Amazerg tribe, and from their brave ranks he formed the crew of his vessel and his will was formed the crew of his vessel, and his will was

harborage, Launcelot Grenville beheld the tall masts and high hull of the Reindeerlying at an-chor near, and around her were numerous small

boats carrying her cargo ashore.

Maud recognized, also, dark though it was, the well-known rig of her father's vessel, and the tears came to her eyes, and her heart was too full too small.

the tears came to her eyes, and her heart was too full too speak.

"My friends, I must still claim you as my guests, but at my quarters ashore. Come!" and El Rais approached the spot where his captives stood, and motioned to a large boat alongside.

Without a word they entered it, and the keel soon after grated upon the beach, and El Rais placed Maud on shore, and telling Launcelot to follow, led the way up the steep hillside to his quarters when on land.

Maud gazed curiously around her as she entered the home of the Moor chieftain—a low-built, vet comfortable abode in the rude style of

built, yet comfortable abode in the rude style of Moorish architecture, and furnished in a style that was not confined to any one land, for there was a mixture of the Oriental and European,

to which many an unfortunate vessel had con-Assigning Maud a pleasant room, he escorted Launcelot to another, and to their surprise they saw no guard placed over them; but then how ess the thought of escape in that land of

The following morning El Rais sent for his captives, and then joined them at breakfast, for

a European in taste and manners Both of the captives noticed that the Rais seemed moody and that his brow was clouded, so they were not surprised when he said, in his

"This morning we must part, my friends." Neither spoke in answer, and El Rais contin-

mands me to go at once on a cruise to head off a fleet of East Indiamen, and I am ordered to forward my prisoners immediately, under guard, to the capital."

Maud started, and her face grew livid; but auncelot calmly asked: Launcelot calmly asked:
"Have you many prisoners, El Rais?"



"Save me, oh, save me, for the sake of the mother you loved so well!"

"Some thirty besides yourselves, sir: but they are mostly cowardly dogs, and you could not get them to risk their lives in striking a blow for their freedom."

Launcelot Grenville's face flushed, for he saw that the Rais had read his intention.

"Besides," continued the corsair chief, "the sultan's messenger is accompanied by his own guard under the kaid of the slaves."

"Then there is no hope," groaned Maud Menken, in a broken voice.

"I must obey my sultan, lady; your escort will be ready to start within half an hour—farewell."

Save me, oh, save me, for the sake of the His voice was cold and his face emotion

"The servant who acted as my maid served your mother in the same capacity. She speaks English, and she told me you were a great chief on land as well as on the sea, and that your tribe dwelt in the mountains, a few leagues from here. Certainly a man thus powerful can selve of his sultant two unfortunate centives; he sk of his sultan two unfortunate captives; he will accede to your desire, and Captain Gren-ville and myself can then go free, for you have a noble heart in spite of the red name you

Mand spoke with deepest feeling, and in a pleading tone, but the chief's face never relaxed a muscle; he would not grant her request, and

A captive of your beauty the sultan would ver yield to me."
But he has not seen me, sir," interrupted

"His messenger has, and so has the kaid of the slaves; they saw you when we landed last night. I am sorry, but I cannot grant your re-

For an instant Maud was silent, and then she You can at least let this gentleman go

"I offered him his freedom and he refused it. As much as I regret it, he must be sold into

ondage."

"Heaven have mercy upon us!" groaned poor Maud; but Launcelot Grenville showed no sign of dreading his fate, though in his face dwelt deep sympathy for the maiden, while he inwardly cursed his inability to aid her.

For a moment Maud seemed utterly brokenhearted; but with a great effort she controlled herself and with hanghty face and flashing eyes.

herself, and with haughty face and flashing eyes turned upon the chief. "I am ready, Sir Corsair; but I am not yet

the toy of a cruel tyrant."

Both the chief and Launcelot Grenville were struck with admiration at the magnificent courage of the maiden, and she certainly never look ed more beautiful in her life than she did at that moment, for her form was drawn up to its full hight, a flush was upon either cheek, her lips

urled with scorn, and were yet resolute, while er wondrously expressive eyes flashed fire. With a bow the chief left the room, and a few noments after a cavalcade drew up before the oor, consisting of half a hundred Moorish cav-iry, a score or more of miserable captives, mostly Spaniards, and among whom were several women, a gorgeously-uniformed Moor, who was the officer sent as the messenger of the sultan, and a huge negro, hideous in looks, and richly attired, whom the Rais addressed as the kaid of the slaves.

A richly-caparisoned horse was ready for Maud, and a slave woman brought and threw around her a vail, which completely hid her

Then the kaid of the slaves stepped forward and put out his arm to raise her to the saddle, but El Rais thrust him aside, and raising her in his arms, seated her securely, and placed the reins in her hands, the kaid scowling upon him.

"And this dog of a Christian—bind him," and

"Hold! that man rides with free arms and limbs. It is my wish that he is not bound," said El Rais, quietly.

was that in his look which betokened no good to Launcelot Grenville, should he give the slightest cause of offense.

A horse was then brought, and Launcelot mounting, the cavalcade moved away, the Rais lifting his silken turban to Maud, and waving a hand in farewell to his captives.

A ride of ten leagues through a harren roll.

ing country, and the cavalcade came to a halt under the shadow of a low range of hills, and preparations were made for camping for the night, the captives all being camping for the

Several of the guards at once pitched a silken tent for Maud and the other female captives, and food was placed before them, while the male prisoners were allowed to shift for them-

selves.

Untrammeled by bonds, and his breast torn with sorrow for the fate of Maud, Launcelot Grenville walked a short distance away, but the watchful eye of the kaid was upon him, and feeling how impossible it was to escape, he threw himself down to rest, in full sight of the en-

Gradually the sun went down and darknes was creeping over the earth, when out from a clump of date trees dashed a band of horsemen Like the wind they swept around the camp, and loud and rapid rung out the rattle of musketry, as the guards of the kaid fired upon them. A moment only did the combat last, and then the attacking horsemen dashed away, while from their midst came a loud cry:

"Save me, oh, save me!" It was the voice of Maud Menken, and Launce-lot Grenville knew that she appealed to him for

Instantly he sprung into the saddle of a loose steed, and dashed away; but a loud order was heard in the voice of the kaid, a volley of musketry followed, and the flying horse, with almost a human cry, fell headlong to the earth, throwing his rider far over his head, where he

CHAPTER VIII.

lay like one dead.

BENEATH the shelter of a few date trees, which, grouped together above a spring of water, formed an oasis in the desert—an island of verdure surrounded by a sea of rolling sand and arid desolation—stood a man, gazing out over the wild waste of dreariness, with a far-away look that proved his thoughts had flown to other scenes than those by which he was surother scenes than those by which he was sur

scant dress plainly showed; his hair and beard were long and dark, while his skin was tanned to the hue of copper. Scattered among the trees, having just re-freshed themselves at the cool water of the spring, were a number of camels, while flocks

of hardy desert sheep cropped at the grass that It was near the sunset hour, and like a huge ball of fire the God of Day was descending be-yond the desert horizon, and altogether the scene was not unpicturesque, with the lonely

man there amid the dumb brutes it was his duty In that splendidly-formed man, in spite of the two long and cruel years of bondage he had undergone, in spite of his cruel sufferings and desert life, and notwithstanding his long and matted hair and beard, the reader cannot fail

to recognize Launcelot Grenville.
Yes, Launcelot Grenville, the once proud, elegant man, now the slave of a Moor, the bondman of a cruel master, the keeper of desert flocks and camels, and, in rags and loneliness, a pitiable object indeed.

But the fire in his eyes was not quenched, the fearless, resolute face was still the same, though marked by lines of physical suffering and men-

"Upon your head be it, oh Rais," angrily replied the kaid.

"Upon my head be it, dog of an accursed race," came the quick retort.

The kaid dropped his hand upon the gemmed hilt of his sword, but he caught the flashing eye of the corsair chief, and turned away; but there was that in his look which betokened no good to Launcelot Grenville, should he give the slightest cause of offense.

A horse was then brought, and Launcelot mounting, the cavalcade moved away, the Rais lifting his silken turban to Maud, and waving a hand in farewell to his captives.

eaught sight of a moving object, and he bent his

"It is a camel, but mine are all in the oasis, he said, indifferently, glancing over the herd. Nearer and nearer the camel drew, until it was evident that there was a rider upon its

Upon making this discovery, the herdsman tepped off a few paces, and returned with a ong musket, which he leaned against the tree

At a long, swinging pace the two camels came on, heading directly for the oasis, and with their heads stretched far in front, with that eager expectancy shown by these "ships of the

eager expectancy shown by these "sinps of the desert" when they know that water is near. In half an hour after being discovered, and just as the sun touched the horizon, the camels ran into the oasis and buried their noses in the cool spring, while the rider sprung to the ground and advanced toward the herdsman, the palms

of the hands turned toward him to indicate that he was friendly.

"Allah arienak,"\* said the stranger, quietly, and than the herdsman bade him welcome.

"I seek the flocks of Abdallah Bourkih," responded the new-comer.

"His herds are here. I am their tender."

"His herds are here; I am their tender."
The stranger gazed straight into the face of the speaker; and said, distinctly:

The herdsman started, and the blood rushed into his face, for that name he had not heard spoken for two long years, as his master called him Mezrah, which being interpreted means Surely the man before him was a Moor, and

yet, how could he know his name?

As he had learned to speak the language perfectly, during his years of bondage, Launcelot

"Yes, I am Grenville; what would you?"
The Moor made no reply, but drew from his belt a small piece of paper and handed to the herdsman, who eagerly seized it, and beheld, written thereon, in a round hand, these words: 'Follow the bearer. His camels are the fleetest

There was no signature, and the handwriting was not familiar to him; yet that the words were addressed to him there was no doubt, for

here the man became non-committal, and pointed to the note, then to the camels, and then

can be for the worse, and what care I for danger?"
The Moor's face brightened, and going to his saddle, he untied a bundle attached to it and handed it to the herdsman, who eagerly opened

Within he found two serviceable pistols, a word, and a suit of clothing, such as was worn y the Moorish merchants, together with a sum f gold, and like trinkets to serve as the "small bange" of the desert, and presents for those to thom it might be necessary to give something in the course of his journeyings.

Eagerly the white slave searched for another missive that might tell him more than he could find out from the one who had brought him hope, but nothing else was visible, and the Moor's mouth was sealed as to where he was going, or from whence he had come.

Having determined to go with the Moor, though he knew death would follow if overtaken by his master, he looked to the comfort of the camels, got together his store of dates, milked the camels, killed a sheep and made a stew of it, after which he invited his visitor to take supper with him, and a hearty meal the two ate, for Launcelot Grenville, with the hope of escape from his cruel captivity, felt his blood all afire, and really enjoyed his repast, humble as it was.

as it was.

Then Launcelot set about preparing his package of food to carry with them; but the Moor told him he had come well-stocked with provisions, and had more than ample for both of them. Then the two lay down to rest.

An hour after midnight, Launcelot Grenville awoke, and arousing his companion, they made preparations for an immediate departure, and were soon mounted upon their swift camels and going at a fair pace over the desert.

As the day broke they discovered a party of three horsemen coming toward them, and at a glance the herdsman recognized his master, Abdallah Bourkih, and his two brothers, who were returning from a trip to the coast.

At once he made known to his companion and guide who they were, but trusting to his disguise as a merchant, hoped to pass unrecognized by them.

With manifestations of friendship the two

guise as a merchant, hoped to pass unrecognized by them.

With manifestations of friendship the two parties approached each other, Abdallah Bourkih and his brothers mounted upon the swift, wiry steeds of the desert.

Not to betray himself the herdsman remained silent, and the Moor did the talking, telling lies about who they were, or rather were not, as glibly as though lying was his profession.

But all the time Abdallah was eying Launcelot closely, and as the parties separated the old sheik of the desert shook his head ominously.

Hardly had a mile divided them, when glancing back the Moor saw a camel with a rider on his back dash over a sand-hill and halt by the horsemen, at the same time pointing toward the fugitives.

furtitives.

"It is Nessak, the son of Abdallah," said Launcelot, calmly.

"Then let us put our camels to their speed," said the Moor.

"No, let us not drive them hard until there is need; if we are pursued now, I will fight them."

Abdallah Bourkih is a great sheik," the Moor suggested.
"I would kill the sultan did he stand between the would kill the sultan did he stand between the determined reply,

"I would kill the sultan did he stand between me and freedom," was the determined reply, and the Moor caressed his beard at the thought of any one offering harm to the great Sidi. It was now evident that the camel-rider had gone to the oasis, and finding the herdsman not there, had started in pursuit, for he was gestion-lating wildly, and the result was the form Moore ating wildly, and the result was the four Moors

turned on the track of the fugitives.

Launcelot quietly unslung the long musket he had brought with him, and placed his pistols ready for use, the Moor, who called himself Selin, following his example.

ready for use, the moor, who called himself Se-lim, following his example.

Like the wind the pursuers came on, and a stern resolve was on the face of Launcelot, for he remembered how cruel had been his treat-ment from the shelk and those with him, and for long months he had been nursing a hope of

for long months he had been nursing a hope of revenge upon them.

"Mezrah, son of an accursed race, stop at the command of thy master!" yelled Abdallah, when they came close enough to be heard.

"Sheik Abdallah, press me not, or I will kill you," cried Launcelct, in stern tones.

But the sheik feared not the slave who so long had been under his control, and, calling to his kinsmen to follow he dashed on, a long pixel in

kinsmen to follow, he dashed on, a long pistol in

his hand.

"I warn you off, Sheik Abdallah," said Launcelot, and he brought his musket round for use, and came to a halt.

The reply of the Moor was to fire at his slave. It was the last act of his life, for, as the bullet from his pistol whizzed above the head of Launcelot, the musket sprung to his shoulder, a report followed, and the Sheik Abdallah fell from his saddle, a dead man. from his saddle, a dead man.
Instantly, with a pistol in each hand, Launce-lot turned upon the others, crying to his com-

panon:
"Shoot them down, or they will bring a hundred riders upon our track."
Selim at once obeyed; his musket flashed with the two pistols of Launcelot, and the weapons of

their enemies.

But the aim of the horrified and demoralized brothers and son of Abdallah was bad, and neither of the fugitives was injured, while the dropping of their foes from their horses and camel proved that they had fired unerringly. But the son of the sheik at once sprung to his feet, and, though wounded, threw himself on the back of his father's steed, and dashed away across the desert with the speed of a bird. "Come, Selim; it were useless to attempt to catch him. Let us take their arms and away from here," cried Launcelot, and seizing the weapons and provisions of the dead Moors, the two men mounted their fleet camels, and at a

two men mounted their fleet camels, and at a steady, swinging gait, pressed on their way, for they well knew that Abdallah's whole tribe would be in pursuit within a few hours, when warned by the sheik's son of his father's death

THE AMAZERG QUEEN. WITHIN the heart of the range of mountains that run back from the coast, a few leagues in the interior of Morocco, dwell the Amazergs, the most warlike and intelligent of the Moorish tribes, and who, under a chief who inherits the title which descends from father to son, are the most feared of any of the wandering races of that strenge lend

the most feared of any of the wandering races of that strange land.

The retreats of the Amazergs were in the fastnesses of the wild range from which they take their name, and if other than one of their tribe ever entered their secluded homes, it was as a prisoner, for they had often, when in revolt against the sultans, beaten back the trained soldiers sent against them, and conquered their own terms with the haughty Sidi.

The best horsemen of Morocco, owning the best and fleetest herd of desert or mountain steeds, armed literally from head to foot, and of

steeds, armed literally from head to foot, and of

splendid physical development, they were foes that few dared to meet, and were called both mountain lions and desert kings, for they were equally at home in scaling the lofty hights or flying across the sandy plains.

It is among this tribe that I would have my reader accompany me, and to the most pretentious of their mountain homes—a house almost modern in its build, surrounded by broad verandas, and furnished with an eye to every comfort and luxury—strange things indeed in that far region.

that far region.

Half-reclining upon a silken divan out upon the cool veranda, and gazing listlessly far over the superb and grand scene spread out before her—a scene of mountain fastnesses, valleys, sparkling streams, tree-covered hills, a wide stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was the stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was the stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was the stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was the stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was the stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was the stretch of str

a woman of surpassing loveliness, and scarcely over twenty-one or two.

Her form was exquisitely molded, and attired in the pretty costume worn by Moorish women, while the vail was thrown back over the silken

A fortune in jewels was upon her person, guitar lay at her side, a silver tray with fruit and coffee stood near, books were piled in con-fusion upon the floor, and all around indicated that she was a petted beauty, indulged in every

whim.

And yet, though the face was beautiful, far back in the dreary eyes dwelt a look of deep sadness, as though the roses that strewed her path did not keep the thorns out of her heart, and a sigh that broke from her slightly-parted lips told that some sorrow had come upon her.

As she turned her eyes, from their wistful gaze across the sea, they fell upon two horsemen ascending the hillside toward the house, and she half-sprung from the divan as she appeared to recognize one of them.

"It is Selim—yes; but the other—no, it cannot be, and yet it may be, for it has been long since I saw him. Yes, it is, it is none other! That form I can never forget," and she arose to her feet, just as the horsemen halted near and sprung to the ground, while one of them advanced quickly, gazing intently into the face of the woman.

"Captain Grenville! Free at last! Thank

the woman.
"Captain Grenville! Free at last! Thank
Heaven!" and the woman held out both hands
to greet the man who advanced toward her and

sprung upon the piazza.
"Maud Menken! You then are my preserver!
I have guessed it," and Launcelot Grenville
bent low and kissed the hand that grasped his

own.
"I saved you, yes. Would to God I could have done so long ago, but," and the beautiful face flushed crimson, "I am no longer the Maud Menken you knew, Captain Grenville, for I am the prife at."

The Red Rais?" broke in Launcelot. "The Red Rais?" broke in Launcelot.

"Yes: we were married one year ago by a Spanish priest, captured on one of the prizes taken by my husband," and Maud gazed intently into the face of the man before her, as though hoping to see it clouded with sorrow; but no change crossed the countenance of Launcelot Grenville at the news he heard, and

Launcelot Grenville at the news he heard, and he said, quietly:
"Tell me more of yourself; but first, let me congratulate you upon your escape from the harem of the sultan."
"Thank Heaven I escaped that dishonor! Nay, I would have died by my own hand, when hope had entirely left me; but El Rais is at heart a noble man, and that he truly loves me, I know, for he has proven it.

heart a noble man, and that he truly loves me, I know, for he has proven it.

"Unable to save me, openly, from the fate for which I was intended, he arranged that his mountain horsemen should kidnap me that night when we camped, and I was brought hither.

"The Sidi fumed at the loss of a victim, of course, but it was said the desert robbers had stolen me, and he attached no blame to El Rais, who kept it a deep secret that I was here.

"You, it was said, were killed in the attack upon the camp, and bitterly I mourned for you, and so did El Rais, for it was his intention to have purchased you, and in the end to give you your freedom.

"A week after my coming here, El Rais ar-

"A week after my coming here, El Rais arrived, and frankly told me of his love for me, begging me to become his wife.

"I asked for a year to consider, told him that I was cast down in grief for the death of my father and yourself, and he gladly gave me the promise that I should go free at the end of that time, if I did not then love him.

"But, during those twelve months he proved himself so noble, and in so many little ways showed his true manhood, that from admiration, my regard turned to respect and love, and he yielded to my wish to have a priest unite us, and one year I have been his wife and the Queen of the Amazergs, and, though I am not Queen of the Amazergs, and, though I am not happy in this land of the Moors, I am at least doctor, and then we all turned in for the

at peace. "I believe that you have acted wisely, Maud, and I hope every happiness may ever attend you. I will never forget that you saved me from a fate more cruel than death," and Launce-lot Grenville shuddered at the thought of his

long captivity.

"Let me tell you about that; a few months ago El Rais was called to see the sultan, and while in the city learned in some way that you had not been killed, as we believed, but were sold into slavery to a sheik of the desert, Abdallah Bourkih, and I immediately determined to send a trusty messenger to see if he could find you, and you know not how happy I am that you are once more free. How you must have suffered, you only can tell."

"It seems like a long horrible dream to me

suffered, you only can tell."

"It seems like a long, horrible dream to me now; but, God forever bless you, fair Queen of the Amazergs, for awaking me from the hideous nightmare. But the Rais—where is he?"

"He returns to-night, and will be delighted to see you, for he has spoken of making you, should Selim return successful from his search, a Bash Soto Rais\* of his new vessel, which the sultan had built for him, and which he does not intend to command, as he will leave the sea, and dwell here among his people."

dwell here among his people."

"I am homeless and hopeless, fair queen, but I do not think I could accept the offer."

"You could do much good by so doing, as Mesurah Rais, the man whom the Sidi has appointed to command her in place of El Rais, is a monster inhuman and wee he to the room carrives. ster inhuman, and woe be to the poor captives

Launcelot Grenville seemed deeply moved by e words of the Amazerg queen. She had bethe words of the Amazerg queen. She had become a Moor by adoption; why should not be especially when it was in his power to do much good as an officer?

corsair he must be, it was true, and yet he was becoming reckless as to what Fate made of him, and he said, after an instant's deliberation:
"If El Rais makes me Bash Soto Rais, I will

accept it, come what may, for I am but the foot-ball of Fate." (To be continued—commenced in No. 489.)

# A Day at Miller's Bayou.

A Fishing Trip in Louisiana.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

ABUNDANTLY rich in piscatorial treasures is the fair Southern land, or waters rather, to "speak by the card:" and about two years ago, the writer, in company with two chums, made quite an extensive tour of the Sou h, going down by way of the Atlantic Coast Line to New Orleans, and then by steamers up the river to Cairo, stopping at certain points on the way to enjoy the sport common to the locality.

We had stayed for a week in Mobile enjoying the pleasures of that pleasant city, and then had taken the New Orleans train, one bright Sunday morning with intent to lay over to a

Sunday morning, with intent to lay over for a day at Miller's Bayon, on Lake Catherine, quite near to the Crescent City, there to try the famous fishing-grounds so dear to the hearts of the gentlemen of "Orleans."

There were three of us, inseparable companions for some years when the sports of flood and field were to be enjoyed—the major, the doctor

field were to be enjoyed—the major, the doctor and myself.

Through the kindness of the conductor of the train, whose acquaintance I had made at the hotel, I was introduced to the engineer, the commander-in-chief of the mighty monster which was to transport us safely and almost with the speed of the wind to our destination.

"Take the colonel in the 'cab' and give him a chance to shoot an alligator or two on the way," the conductor suggested.

Eagerly I accepted the invitation, and when the train "pulled" out for New Orleans I had a "reserved seat" on the engine.

As the engineer explained to me as we rode along, the Mobile, New Orleans and Texas road —to give it its full title—runs all the way from Mobile to New Orleans through a low, flat country, as level as one's hand, and nine-tenths of the way nothing but a marsh.

The road-bed is slightly raised above the level of the surrounding country, and the graders in by building the road everyted a wide trench on

The road-bed is slightly raised above the level of the surrounding country, and the graders in building the road excavated a wide trench on each side of it, and this being filled by stagnant water afforded a secure lurking-place for the al-

water afforded a secure lurking-place for the alligators.

The railroad track being but little used, the monsters are fond of crawling up on it for the purpose of basking in the sun, and on the approach of the trains the sluggish reptiles, disturbed in their slumber, plunge into the ditch.

"All you can see of them is a bit of their head, and as to shooting them from the train, why, you can shoot all you like, but I would be willing to agree to give a hundred dollars apiece for all you kill." the engineer said.

And experience proved that he was perfectly correct; the bullets rattled off the heads of the reptiles like so many peas, and when at Pascagoula I joined my companions in the car, I had to stand quite a number of jokes in regard to the alligators that my unerring aim had slain.

In due time we arrived at Miller's Bayou and

In due time we arrived at Miller's Bayou and disembarked.

An extremely primitive settlement is Miller's —about three houses on a shell island on the prairie, near the shores of Lake Catherine.

"We'll have to rough it now," the major remarked, while the doctor, who is blessed by nature with a goodly amount of flesh and an appetite to match, heaved a sigh, for after a week's sojourn at the Battle House, Mobile's best hotel, the fisherman's shanty did not seem to promise anything but scanty fare.

But the doctor had not experienced the hospitality of a Southern hunter's abode, and he was destined to be agreeably disappointed.

The supper was excellent—a brace of ducks roasted; a chowder-like mess of stewed fish; fresh venison steaks broiled, and, oh! so different to the tasteless trash that is served up to the benighted inhabitants of the big cities, and which a true woodman would cast in contempt

the benighted inhabitants of the big cities, and which a true woodman would cast in contempt to his dogs; sweet potatoes, corn bread and a good cup of strong coffee; why, it was a supper fit for Jove himself!

The bunks, too, were clean and comfortable, and altogether we unanimously voted that Miller's Bayou's "hotel" was a trifle ahead of anything in the hotel line that we had ever come across in our travels.

thing in the hotel line that we had ever come across in our travels.

"Tom," the guide, was to go with us in the morning, and we were confidently assured that what Tom didn't know about Lake Catherine and the lagoons adjacent wasn't worth knowing.

"Ducks or fish?" asked Tom.

"Fish to-morrow," I replied, acting as spokesman for the others.

"What can we get?" inquired the doctor.

man for the others.

"What can we get?" inquired the doctor.
The doctor was the "boss" angler of our crowd.

"Red-fish, sheephead, green trout and a few bass, maybe," the guide answered.

"Red-fish?" queried the major; "that is the same I presume as red-snapper!"

"Oh, no," replied the guide, "a different fish altogether."

"And I judge that the fish you call green trout is in reality no relation whatever to the true trout of the Northern waters," the doctor

Bright and early with the breaking of the dawn we were roused from our bunks, and hav-ing made a substantial breakfast on fried fish and the remains of the roasted ducks, we sallied

The sun was just rising, and the blue waters of the bayou, as blue as the sky above, were gently rippled by the fresh morning breeze.

gently rippled by the fresh morning breeze.

The pirogue was in waiting, and the moment the doctor's eyes fell upon this frail craft, he shook his head, dubiously.

The pirogue is the dug-out of the Southern waters, and an extremely frail, uncertain sort of a craft it is, too.

"Gentlemen, really I am somewhat reluctant to trust my rather portly form in this peculiar boat," he protested.

But, as Tom as strongly protested that there wasn't any danger, the doctor was finally persuaded to embark.

The guide took us at once to a favorite spot

suaded to embark.

The guide took us at once to a favorite spot for red-fish, 'right on the edge of the channel,' as he explained; then we baited our hooks with the shrimp and cast overboard.

The major was the first man to be favored by fortune. He felt a vigorous tug at his line. With a single turn of the wrist he fixed the hook in the jaws of the 'denizen of the deep,' and proceeded to bag his prey.

Up over the side of the boat came a goodsized weak-fish.

ized weak-fish.

"That's a green trout," said our guide.
By this time I had had a vigorous bite, hooked my prize, and a whopper he was, if his truggles proved anything; game, too, to the backbone, for he made a most desperate fight for his liberty; but both line and hook held, and inally I drew over the side of the dug-out as nice a four-pound striped bass as any man would wish to see.

I held him up in triumph.

"I'll be hanged if I understand why I don't get anything!" the doctor exclaimed, in dis-

And, in truth, it was strange, for, in a minute or two more, the major secured a couple of fine red-fish; then I got a two-pound sheephead, and Tom three splendid red-fish in rapid succession; still no bite agitated the doctor's line. It was very odd, for generally he was the champion or two more, the major secured a couple

angler of our party.

"He began to get angered, but he kept a "stiff upper lip," and bantered us by saying that he wasn't after little two or three pound fishes, but when he fished he caught big ones, he

Many a true word is spoken in jest, for hardly had he finished the speech when a most tremen-dous bite almost jerked the line from his band and, forgetting entirely the cranky nature of the pirogue, he sprung to his feet, and, in a second, over went the boat, and fish, tackle, and second, over went the boat, and fish, tackle, and we humans were all sprawling in the rather chilly waters. Neither the doctor nor the major could swim a stroke, but they clung to the boat, while Tom and myself guided it to the shore, which luckily was not far off.

This finished our day's fishing, for the doctor declared emphatically that nothing would ever induce him to risk his life in such a miserable boat again, and the major remarked dryly that if the doctor went he certainly should not.

if the doctor went he certainly should not

But it was glorious sport, while it lasted, and never again will I take rod in hand without thinking of that day's enjoyment on Miller's

Maud has flashing black eyes, And a haughty air, And cheeks the hue of roses, And braids of jetty hair.

She reigns a belle and beauty
Where fashion holds its sway,
And always at ball or party
Is witty and gay.

The praise and adulation
Her grace and style command
Have made her vain and selfish—
None more so in the land.

At home she sulks and worries
And mopes through all the day
And reads the latest novel
In a listless way.

And royally she queens it Over the common herd, But for their grief and trouble She has no kindly word.

She does not waste her pity
On those who earn their bread,
And the hungry and the needy
She has not clothed or fed; And how her sister Nellie
Can spend her time and means
In tending on the poor and sick
Amid such horrid scenes,

Who never came in contact.

With trouble or ill health.

Papa calls Nellie "Sunbeam, and loves her best of all; Perhaps her face resembles One hanging on the wall—

A little country maiden,
Who shared his hearth and home
Just ten short years, then went to live
Where sorrow cannot come.

And Nellie bears her mother's name, And has her quiet ways, And brightens up the grand old home Through dark and dreary days.

Maud's beauty will not always last— Time robs the face and form. The beauty of the soul lives on, Through sunshine and through storm.

# The Pink of the Pacific

The Adventures of a Stowaway.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE LANDLADY OF THE IMPERIAL CROWN, CAPTAIN BODFIELD was instructed not to tention on board of the Belle of the Bay the istonishing event which had just come to his cnowledge, for the ends of justice might be deteated if Mr. Dunwood were informed that his

gotten fortune was in danger of slipping out his possession. "I am almost sorry I told him," said the comnander, musing, after the captain of the Belle

mander, musing, after the captain of the Belle had departed.

"He won't say a word about the matter to Mr. Dunwood," replied Pink. "He liked his position on board of the brig very much at first; but since he has found out what sort of a man the owner is, I know he would like to get out of her?"

But my mission in Koti is accomplished: and I have no further business here," continued Captain Fairfield. "I told the rajah last night that I must soon return to my own country. We must get ready to leave in the yacht in a few days; for I do not care to lose sight of John Dunwood for any great length of time."

At this moment an officer was shown into the recent who proved to be a messenger from the

oom, who proved to be a messenger from the ajah, requiring the immediate attendance of the commander at the palace. The proa in which Pink and his father had come up the river "So I heerd gentlemen say of ns," Tom replied, "but I ain't l'arned 'bout sich things. I've allers heerd 'em called green trout ever since I knew what a fish was."

"It is probably what is called a weak-fish at the North," I observed, eager to contribute my share to the discussion. "The weak-fish after you get south of the Chesapeake is generally called a trout, although in reality he has not the slightest right to the name. I have caught him in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, as a gray trout, and in deep-sea fishing off the mouth of the Savannah river as the sea trout."

"To-morrow'll tell the story," suggested the doctor, and, then we all turned in for the night.

appointed to meet the commissioners, and be-fore the day was ended, a treaty had been agreed to which bound the two rajahs together in a defensive league; and certain high chiefs of Djama were to reside in Koti for a year, as hostages for the good faith of their master. The captured proas were to be returned, but an indemnity in gold was to be paid to the victor. One-half this amount the rajah presented to Captain Fairfield for his valuable services.

When all this business was accomplished, and the bostages from Djama had arrived, the rajah reluctantly consented to the departure of the commander. Orders were given to put the Annie, which was the name of the commander's yacht, in condition for a voyage. As the captain had said, the Dyaks were no sailors for recorder searching that a dozen of them had regular sea service, but a dozen of them had been trained so that they could work the vessel with tolerable facility, and they were set at work on board of her. The captain only intended to employ them to take the vessel to Ma-nila, where he could ship a crew of Europeans

r the homeward voyage for the homeward voyage.

All over the territory of the rajah, the people were having a week of festivities in honor of the victorious peace. On the night before the Annie was to sail for Manila, the commander, attended by Pink, was present at one of these feasts, a few miles up the river. It was at a considerable village, and the party went up in a proa. The houses were all built on posts, from six to twenty feet above the ground. Thay were as close together as in a large city. They were as close together as in a large city, and in front of them was a broad platform or veranda, which seemed to be common to all the people. On this platform all the inhabitants and their guests were collected. The commander was received with all the honors and treated with the utmost respect. Pink saw that some of the young chiefs whom he had met on the proas were present; and they were very polite to him, after their fashion.

There were about as many young womer bresent as men; and Pink thought the country must have been scoured to obtain so many good-looking girls. They were not extensively clothed, the entire wardrobe consisting of only a sort of tunic, reaching from the waist down to the knees. They wore a cap shaped like a fez; and some of them had necklaces and other ornaments about the neck. They were as full f life and animation as the same number of irls at home. They brought in the repast, onsisting mainly of fruits. Each of the dusky consisting manny of trutes. Each of the dusky beauties seemed to have one of the young chiefs in charge, and gave him all he wanted to eat and drink, especially to drink. The fluid used on this occasion was tuak, of which Pink had some previous knowledge.

The girls brought it to the young men in jars: and if they were at all backward in taking the cup the ladies laughed at them and ridiculed them in the most unmerciful manner. One of the fair maidens attended to the wants of Pink and he ate abundantly of the fare brou-him. Of course he could not talk with the though his father acted as interpreter for him part of the time. Then his attendant brough him a jar of tuak, and when he shook his head and declined to touch it, she made all manner of gestures at him, pointing at him with a hiss laughing violently at his refusal. Then she placed the cup at his lips, and tried to coax him

"I advise you not to drink much of that stuff," said his father.

"I don't mean to take any of it. I drank some of it on board of a Malay proa; and that was enough to last me as long as I live," replied

was sure she would outsail the brig in the long run.

The fore and main-sails were hoisted, and with the captain at the helm, the schooner stood down the river. A long stop had to be made at the town while the commander of the forces took leave of the rajah and his officers, but before night the vessel was out of the river, and standing up the Strait. At the end of the fifth day she went into the harbor of Manila. The Belle of the Bay was at anchor there; but the pilot said the family had gone on an excursion to the interior of the island.

"I had hoped they would have left before we got here," said Captain Fairfield. "As it is, I am glad they are not in town; and you must not be seen by any one that belongs to the brig."

"Except Captain Bodfield," suggested Pink.

"If we could see him alone, it would do no harm; but he is likely to have some of his people with him if he comes on board of the Annie," replied the captain. "As we fly the American flag, it is very likely he will pay us a visit. If he does, you must keep out of sight."

The next morning they heard of a brig that was bound down the coast of Borneo; and looking her up, a bargain was made to convey the Dyak crew back to their homes. The next thing

ing her up, a bargain was made to convey the Dyak crew back to their homes. The next thing was to obtain a suitable crew for the yacht, and was to obtain a suitable crew for the yach, and for this purpose the captain went on shore, tak-ing Pink with him. The boy had no clothes but those he wore, and the first care of his father was to supply his needs in this direction. When he was dressed in a new suit, it would have been hard for his late shipmates in the brig to

been hard for his late shipmates in the brig to recognize him.

Pink hardly knew himself in his new suit, as he surveyed his form in the mirror. A plentiful supply of clothing was purchased for him, and packed in a trunk, a piece of furniture for which the waif had never before had any use.

"As we have no cook or steward on board of the Annie, we must board at a hotel," said Captain Fairfield, when he had completed his business. "Which is the best hotel in the city?" he asked of the merchant.

ness. "Which is the best hotel in the city?" he asked of the merchant.
"The Imperial Crown; it is kept by an Englishman. It is not twenty steps from here," re-

lishman. It is not twenty steps from here," replied the shopkeeper.

Father and son walked to the Imperial Crown, and received a hearty welcome from the landlord. A dinner was ordered, and the captain read the English papers till it was ready. Pink twandered about the establishment; and every time he saw the landlord, he stopped to study his features. He thought he had seen him before, but he was not sure. He went out into the street to read the sign. Under the title of the hotel, was the name, "Frederick McIntosh." It was all plain enough to him now; the landlord had kept a hotel in Sydney, and the circus people had boarded at his house. But the young athlete had grown six inches since he was in the circus, and in his altered dress the man did not recognize him.

recognize him.

Pink hastened to tell his father of the discovery he had made; but the captain did not regard it as of any importance. While they were ended, a treaty had been nd the two rajahs together came in to see that everything was properly done. Pink had seen her also in Sydney; but

she did not know him now.
"What is the matter, father?" asked Pink, as Captain Fairfield put his head almost down to his plate, and seemed to be acting very strange-Are you sick?"

ly. "Are you sick?"
"No, my son; idon't notice me now," replied
the captain, in a low tone.
In a few minutes the landlady left the room.
"That woman is Sally Burnap, who was your
nurse, Eliot," said Captain Fairfield.

CHAPTER XXX

CAPTAIN BODFIELD'S OPERATIONS.

THE landlady of the Imperial Crown did not return to the dining-room while Captain Fairfield and his son remained there. The bill was paid, for the captain was not willing to remain paid, for the captain was not willing to remain any longer, and they left the place. He was afraid they would recognize him or Pink; and this might interfere with his plans. They found a Spanish hotel, or posada, in another part of the city, where it was more prudent for them to remain. The first person they saw when they entered was Captain Bodfield, reading a newspaper in the corner. So completely was Pink changed that his old friend did not notice him till his father spoke to him. The captain of the till his father spoke to him. The captain of the Belle of the Bay was delighted to see them, and he almost bugged the waif when he recognized him in his "long togs."

The events which had occurred since they

he almost bugged the waif when he recognized him in his "long togs."

The events which had occurred since they parted were discussed. The Dunwoods had been gone three days, and were to be absent a week longer. Captain Bodfield declared that he was tiged of doing nothing, and he should be glad to the belle extended his broad hand longer. Captain Bodfield declared that he was the matrixed of doing nothing, and he should be glad to

for laughing when you tipped him over on deck that day. He pitched into them as soon as we were clear of the shore, and ordered the cook not to give them any dinner or supper. I re-monstrated with his father; but he was afraid

the young rascal would jump overboard if he crossed him; so the men fasted from breakfast crossed him; so the men tasted from the crossed him; so the crosse triving all sorts of ways to annoy him. They have ducked him, tripped him up with ropes,

put tar in his deck-chair, and many other tricks

put tar in his deck-chair, and many other tricks have been played off on him."

"What does he do about it?" asked Pink, who sympathized with the sailors.

"It took his father and mother both to get him out of his deck chair; and he and his father went to work to find out who put the tar on the seat. No one knew who did it; and Tom threatened to have the whole crew flogged if they didn't tell who did it. The lady's maid said Monks was the man that did it, for she had seen him with a tar-pot in his hand near the chair. Very likely it was Monks; I don't know who it was. Tom ordered the second mate to lay hands on this man, and tie him to the mainmast. Sanders made a feint of doing what he was told, but the rest of the crew huddled around the man, and would not allow him to be tied up. This was the day before the brig arrived here, and the case is not settled yet, though Tom declares that Monks shall be flogged for what he did. I think if the crew could get home readily, they would leave the brig in a body. I am as much dissatisfied as the men, for that boy commands the vessel, and interferes with my duties almost every hour in the day."

"Then I think I did the right thing when I "It don't mean to take any of it. I drank some of it on board of a Maiay proa; and that was enough to last me as long as I live," replied Pink.

The blandishments of the maiden were in vain, and Pink refused even to taste of the trank. It would have been bester for it with the saliors.

The vould not see been bester for it with the could not resist the hereat he would not resist the draw another they tumbled the sires.

One there who did it; and Tom toward to the sires, ward, blind drunk and insensible; whereat the fair attendants laughed as though they had perpetrated a most stupendous joke. But the Dyaks are generally very temperate, and never get drunk unless enticed to intoxication by the females.

At one side of the platform were some older chiefs, who prided themselves upon their strong heads. They drank all that was brought to them, and though they were rather boozy, they were able to hold their heads up to the end. There was no quarreling at the feast, in spite of the quantity of tunk consumed, for the young men were too drunk and the old ones too dignified to fight. At midnight the commander and his son went on board of the Annie. She was a schooner of a hundred and sixy tuns; and her owner said she had taken the first prize every time see had salled in regatts before he purchased her. She was the draw which the voyage can have owner said she had taken the first prize every time she had salled in the voyage can have outled the work of the strong of the bright of the strong of the bright of the strong of the

other American port."
"I suppose I can find them by applying to
the British consul," added Captain Fairfield.
"I am somewhat acquainted in Manila, and if

the British consul," added Captain Fairfield.

"I am somewhat acquainted in Manila, and if you desire it, I will ship a crew for you," suggested the captain of the Belle.

The offer was promptly accepted.

"How many men do you want?"

"Two mates, for I don't care to keep a watch myself, twelve seamen, a cook and steward."

"All right; they shall be on board in the course of three or four days."

There was a twinkle about the eye of Captain Bodfield which Pink noticed, though his father did not. The master of the brig was utterly disgusted with the position he had so eagerly accepted. He even preferred the coarse fare and rude quarters of a whale-ship to the palatial craft on board of which he had so many trials and crosses to endure.

"What should you say to me as first officer of this yacht?" said he, after a pause. "I am used to schooners, for I sailed in one a year."

"Nothing could suit me better: nothing so well," replied Captain Fairfield, heartily.

"I know what you will say; but I am under no obligations whatever to remain in the brig. For aught I know Mr. Dunwood may discharge me before he sails from this port; indeed he hinted as much when I declined to comply with one of Tom's whims as we were coming into port."

"Then I ship you as mate, with the same

one of Tom's whims as we were coming into port."

"Then I ship you as mate, with the same wages you receive now," added the owner of the Annie.

"Thank you, captain; and I will attend at

once to shipping a crew."
"Now, Captain—"
"Mr. Bodfield now, if you please," laughed

the new mate.

"No; I intend that you shall have the command of the yacht, and I will be simply a pas-"Very well, sir: I shall take whatever place you give me," replied Bodfield. "What were you about to say, sir?"
"I think I shall need your assistance about

another matter, Captain Bodfield;" and the owner informed him that he had discovered the nurse and her husband in the landlord and landlady of the Imperial Crown. "I want their evidence for use in New York."

"They don't know you are here, do they?"

"They did not recognize either of us."

"They did not recognize either of us."

"Then I think the case can be managed with bold treatment. I wonder if Mr. Dunwood knows these people are here."

"Certainly not; for the rascal has changed his name; and I am sure John Dunwood would be a sure of his many of they have a terrible."

keep out of his way, for they have a terrible hold on him," replied Captain Fairfield. "Mrs. Dunwood knows nothing about this business; and her husband would not have brought her into the same town that contained these people, if he knew it."

"I will go to the Imperial Crown, and get ac-quainted with the man and his wife. Then I will report to you."

Captain Bodfield called a shore boat, and after Caprain Bodfield called a shore boat, and after visiting the Belle of the Bay, he went to the city. He took his supper at the Imp rial Crown; and it is possible that he paid for more wine than he drank in the course of the evening; but when he left, he had won the hearts of the landlord and his wife by his wit and liberality. When he told them that he was the captain of a vacht, they wanted to visit her; and he gave them a cordial invitation to do so at a time he would fix in the future. He would even be happy to give them a sail in the yacht while the owner was absent; and nothing would suit them better.

The next day Captain Fairfield attended to the next day capain rankel attended the purchase of provisions and stores for the voyage; and at the end of three days the Annie was ready to sail. On the evening of that day the new crew presented themselves on board. To the astonishment of Pink every one of the

sone three days, and were to be absent a week longer. Captain Bodfield declared that he was tired of doing nothing, and he should be glad to get to sea again.

"But things are working badly on board of the brig, Fink," he added; "and I wish I was out of her."

"How is that?" asked Pink.

"Why, that boy is the most intolerable nuisance that ever went unhung!" exclaimed the captain of the Belle. "I have been in a row with him ever since we left you at that town."

"Is he any worse than he has always been?"

"Perhaps not; but I never knew what he was till he began to pick upon you. I find that the entire crew have been imposed upon, and treated like dogs by him, and by the father for his son's sake. In fact, the ship's company are alhafe of them won't desert before we are ready to leave Manila."

"I didn't suppose it was so bad as that," added Pink.

"I didn't suppose it was so bad as that," added Pink.

"Chinks told me all about it the other day; and says the men have been tormented ever since the brig sailed from Baltimore, six months ago. I have come to believe that sailors will bear downright abuse better than this sort of treatment. Tom has never forgiven the men for laughing when you tipped him over on deck that day. He pitched into them as soon as we were clear of the shore, and ordered the cook not to give them any dinner or supper. I remostrated with his father; but he was afraid the young rascal would jump overboard if he

sail very much, for it was a delightful after-noon, and the sea was smooth. But at dark they said they had gone about far enough. Then it was that they received from the cap-

(To be continued-commenced in No. 481.)

\* Lieutenant-in-chief.

#### A WEARY WHILE.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

- A weary while, a weary while, Oh, pitiless, cruel sea, And only the waves to kiss my feet And sorrow bring to me.
- Oh, laughing waves! oh, mocking waves! With your voices low and sweet,
- I have heard your stories o'er and o'er, Then why the tale repeat—
- 'The ship is lost!' the ship is lost!''
  I catch the low refrain;
  The sky grows dark, the waves are black,
  And the day is full of pain.
- A sail! A sail! I see afar, And hope creeps up anew; The sky is bright, the day is fair, And the waves of the sea are blue.
- "Tis Robin's ship! I am faint with joy; I can only sit and weep! The ship is safe! The ship is safe!" The waves sing at my feet!

# Iron Wrist,

The Swordmaster of Copenhagen. A TALE OF COURT AND CAMP.

BY COL. THOMAS HOYER MONSTERY. CHAMPION-AT-ARMS OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA

CHAPTER XIX

THE TWO SWORDMASTERS.
WHEN Olaf, the swordmaster, arrived in Postavly, he found that the route led through rostavly, he found that the route let alrough the center of the little town, the post-house being in the market-place; and Ivan Dembinski evinced great fear as they entered the square, at seeing an officer with a squad of Cossacks, sitting on horseback in front of the station.

"We are lost" he ejaculated. "They have orders to arrest us."

orders to arrest us. "One is never lost so long as he breathes," responded Iron Wrist, sententiously.

Then they drove up to the station.

"Horses, quick, for the service of his imperial majesty. I have dispatches for the Grand Duke Constantine and must overtake him,"

cried Olaf."

"Not so fast," was the response of the Cossack officer, in a tone of irony. "Fine feathers do not make a captain if he lacks a commission. Who are you, my young friend!"

The officer was a large, portly man with a big red mustache, and he was evidently disposed to look with contempt on the boyish face of Olaf.

"I am Colonel Count Olaf Svenson of Copenhagen," returned our here, providly giving for

"I am Colonel Count Olaf Svenson of Copenhagen," returned our hero, proudly, giving for the first time his surname. "I am swordmaster general to the czar of all the Russias, and acting under his majesty's orders. Behold my instructions."

And he drew forth the emblazoned parchment given him by Nicholas, and displayed it before the eyes of the Cossack.

To his surprise the other only laughed scornfully.

"I have heard of you for an impostor," he said. "The police telegraph has sent your description. You stole that paper, and the real Count Olaf is still in St. Petersburg."

In a moment Olaf had leaped to the ground and came up to the Cossack officer.

"Do you deny am Count Olaf?" he asked, with his peculiar smile.

"I know you are not. You are merely an impostor."

"Indeed?" replied the Dane, with a still more polite smile. "Then you should be able to prove it on me. I have heard that you Cossaeks think you can use a sword. Get off, and I will show you if I am Count Olaf or an impostor."

With an angry laugh the big officer swung himself to the ground and faced Olaf.

With an angry laugh the big officer swung himself to the ground and faced Olaf.

"Fool!" he cried, "do you know that I am Demetri Soltikoff, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk?" (regiment.)

"So much the better," answered Olaf, with the same engaging smile. "I should be ashamed to fight an amateur, but as you are a professional it is all right. Be pleased to draw, Lieutenant Soltikoff, and I will show you that I am swordmaster-general and that you are a bungler."

"He saw the tarantass about two miles ahead of him on the road to Wilna, and gave orders to his servants:

"Keep them in sight, but do not press them. Our fight will come at Wilna."

CHAPTER XX.

WILNA.

It was late that night and approaching the morning when the Dembinski party entered the town of Wilna.

Olaf and his faithful Cossack had at last given way to fatigue and were fast asleep, one The other Cossacks looked on in wonder. The

brilliant uniform of Olaf impressed them with a sense of uncertainty as to his status, even after the words of their own commander, and they were too fond of a fight to interfere, even in the market-place, between two officers. Lieutenant Soltikoff immediately drew his

He honestly believed the truth of Strogonoff's wily message, which indeed was well calculated to vail the true state of affairs and

plans, and the nearer he came to the Duke Constantine, the greater became the danger if he revealed the truth. In the inflammable state of the country, any revelation of an at-tempt to arrest a bona fide follower of Constantine would have been the signal for a disturbance and the probable defeat of Strogonoff's plans. Still Soltikoff, however honestly he believed the message, was a good swordsman, and he realized, the moment that Olaf drew his saber,

that he had no common adversary.

Instead of rushing on, he stood on the defensive. Olaf laughed at him and began to taunt him "If I am an impostor, why do you not advance, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh

"If you are the swordmaster-general, it is your place to attack," answered the Cossack,

Instantly Olaf stamped his foot and advanced on the Cossack, making a circular feint and throwing himself open, to tempt the other to cut.

The bait took, for Soltikoff made a furious blow at the Dane's left shoulder.

In a moment it was parried, and with a quick turn of the wrist Olaf laid the other's right cheek comp.

It was a light slash, but it angered the Cossack to see his own blood drawn so easily.

With an angry curse he sprung back, and then made a desperate thrust in tierce at Olaf's

Bang! Clash!
With a sharp downward blow Olaf struck the saber almost to the earth, and with a second blow, slanting up, sent it flying over the heads of several Cossocks.

of several Cossacks.
"Well, Soltikoff, am I am impostor?" he asked, fiercely, for the clash of swords always put up the Dane's blood. The Cossack looked completely crestfallen.

The Cossack looked completely crestfallen.

"My lord is no impostor: he is fit to be swordmaster to the czar," was his answer.

"I apologize."
With a grim smile Olaf drew out his handker-

chief and wiped from his blade a few drops of

"Then I trust to you to see that we do not want for horses," was his comment. "This lady is a dear friend of the Grand Duke Constantine and I am escorting her to him, besides obeying You are a soldier and understand my orders. these things.

these things."

The Cossack was perfectly transformed. No sconer did he find that he was in the presence of a real master, than he became eager to do him every possible service; for he adored the members of his own craft in exact proportion to their superiority to himself.

Hastily stanching the blood from his cheek by holding his headlerschief aggingt it, without try.

holding his handkerchief against it, without try-ing to bind it up, he began to hector the post-master for his delays, and in a few minutes had a fresh change of horses out, with an additional span to lead behind.

At Olaf's demand, he was also supplied with a saddle-horse; and it was just as they were all ready for departure that Count Strogonoff drove up and electrified every one by his imorder to "Arrest that man, in the name

der orders from his majesty—"
"Fool," interrupted Strogonoff, angrily, "do
you not know me?"

"Certainly, count, but—"
"Do you know this, then?" asked the minister, producing his parchment. "Here is an order, filled in by the emperor's own hand, commanding all persons to obey my orders. Arrest that man!"

The lieutenant looked still more puzzled. He recognized the new order, but he also had seen the old one.

"But this gentleman has an order, too, count."

"Stolen from its proper possessor, Count Olaf. I tell you this man is an impostor, and the wo-

"Stop!" suddenly shouted Olaf, riding up to the side of the tarantass. "One word against the lady, and I will chastise you in public."

As he spoke, he glared at Strogonoff in his own peculiar fashion when he chose—a look that had caused brave men to shrink before that.

The minister of police turned haler than ever The minister of police turned paler than ever, at commanded his emotions.

"I call on all here to help me arrest this man for treason to the czar," he cried, appealing to the bystanders.
"Whip up, Nicolai; I will follow," answered
Olaf, cutting short the colloquy. "Let a man
offer to stop you, and he disobeys the order of

The stolid Nicolai instantly obeyed, and the tarantass with the Princess Natalie rolled away, while Olaf drew his sword and reined up before

the minister's carriage.

"Lieutenant Soltikoff," he shouted, "as swordmaster-general, and your superior officer, I order you to take your men back to the barracks. Do you belong to the army or the police?"

"To the army, colonel," responded the Cosseek promptly.

sack, promptly.

"And are you going to obey my orders or those of this gasconading police minister?"

"I swear, colonel, I don't know what to do."

"Then take your men back and leave me to the police. Let this Strogonoff arrest me if he dares. You hear my order, sir?"

The swordmaster had struck the right key,

The swordmaster had struck the right key, for the lieutenant saluted.

"Do you take the responsibility, colonel?"

"I do, sir. Be off."

Instantly the officer of Cossacks wheeled his horse and rode off to the barracks followed by his men, leaving Strogonoff in the market-place, pale with rage.

CHAPTER XX.

It was late that night and approaching the morning when the Dembinski party entered the town of Wilna.

Olaf and his faithful Cossack had at last given way to fatigue and were fast asleep, one on the box of the tarantass, the other in the vehicle itself, while Prince Ivan and his servant had taken their places on horseback. The selfish and haughty young prince had only consented to this arrangement when he saw that his protectors were actually sinking under their exertions, and after Natalie—clearer-headed than her brother—had insisted on the change. brother-had insisted on the change.

her brother—had insisted on the change.

All danger seemed to them to have passed; at least they had no more trouble about getting horses, all the way to Wilna.

So long as Olaf and Nicolai kept awake and daylight lasted, indeed, the danger had been much lessened; but during the night, and while these faithful guardians slumbered, their relentless pursuer, Strogonoff, had not been idle.

At the last station before reaching Wilna he had sent a long message to be signaled by the lanterns of the semaphore through the night, and, that dispatched, ordered his men to drive on faster, so as to enter Wilna ahead of the

faster, so as to enter Wilna ahead of the Had Olaf been awake this would never have

ppened, but in the darkness of the night, with broad, open plain covered with short grass on hich to travel, while Ivan Dembinski and his vant were fully occupied in trying to keep vake, the minister found it a comparatively sy thing to slip by, and dashed up to the Wil-

casy thing to slip by, and dashed up to the Wilna post-house nearly ten minutes before the
Dembinsky party arrived.

That ten minutes was fully utilized by the sagacious Strogonoff. His previous dispatch had
warned the police of his coming, and he found a
party of ten men waiting, armed with big sticks.

He gave his instructions rapidly and clearly.

"A party is coming up with a tarantass and
two men on horseback. As soon as it arrives,
rush out, pull the men off their horses, and best
them over the head with sticks till they are quitet. Then you will lead the horses of the tarantass into the stable of the post-house and leave
the tarantass outside. Do not hurt the people
in the vehicle. There is only a lady, and she is
not dangerous."

That done, the wilv minister ordered his own arriage to be taken away, while he waited for

It was not long before the rumble of wheels was heard, and they saw the tarantass accompanied by the two horsemen, coming up the street at a weary canter.

It halted before the post-house, and one of the horsemen rode up to the gate, where all was

lent and dark ilent and dark.

"Horses, quick," he shouted, in an imperious one; but before he had time to say more, half a lozen men leaped out on him, pulled him off his lorse in a moment, and began to beat him over

One short exclamation of fear was heard, and hen only the dull thuds of the sticks.

The cry of the first victim was echoed by anther behind the carriage, and the second horsenan wheeled round and galloped down the

treet at full speed.

Then all was still, and the horses stood panting in the tarantass as Strogonoff came out to

what had been done by his myrmidons. Where are the men?" Here, excellency. We have the boldest one killed for your excellency, but the other ran

Have the people in the tarantass been hurt?" "No, excellency. They seem to be asleep."
Strogonoff advanced to the side of the vehile and peered in. He could see a dark form at
ach end of the carriage, but there was not
ight enough to distinguish anything else, and
he regular breathing convinced him that both

Deople were asleep.

On the box lay a third figure, which snored so oud that there was no mistaking its character. Quietly, and without any unnecessary dis-

Here was a fresh quandary. Ivan Dembinski, who had just begun to breathe again, turned pale as he recognized the minister.

Lieutenant Soltikoff was honestly puzzled. He did not know what to do. He recognized the minister of police, but he had gone too far in Olaf's favor to recede at once.

"Why, count," he said, in a deprecatory tone, "this is the colonel swordmaster-general, under orders from his majesty—"

Here was a fresh quandary. Ivan Dembinski, who had just begun to breathe again, turned to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was the daway, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. The sum of the tought that any moment this bold was a factor of the tought that any moment this bold was a factor of the tought that any moment this bold was a factor of the tought that any moment this bold was a factor of the tought that any moment this bold was a factor of the tought that any moment this bold turbance, the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was drawn, the horses taken out and led away, while Strogonoff locked the gate and put the key in his pocket. Then he breathed freely.

"Now, my fire-eating friend," he ejaculated, triumphantly, "we have squared our accounts at last, I think. It will puzzle even Natalie Dembinski, with all her arts to get out of that place; and as for you—"

He suddenly started.

It occurred to him for the first time to inquire

It occurred to him for the first time to inquire whether the man who had been beaten was really the swordmaster, or whether the Dane was the one who had escaped.

Impressed with a nameless fear, he went back to the scene of the first fracas, called for a lantern and examined the face and figure of the insensible man.

sensible man. It was not the swordmaster.

It was not a Cossack, neither.

Count Strogonoff uttered a cry of surprise.

"It is Serjius Androvitch, the prince's coachman," he ejaculated. "Then one of the men in the coach must be the swordmaster or his Cossack"

sack."

No sooner had he conceived this idea than he became anxious to find out if it were true.

Quietly he went back to the barrack-yard,

Quietly he went back to the barrack-yard, followed by his men.

"Be ready, when I give the word, to strike hard at the man I shall point out to you," he said. The police officers grasped their sticks and nodded. They did not need to speak much. Quietly Strogonoff unlocked the gate and threw it open, leaving the key in the lock.

"If this be the man I think, he is dangerous," he whispered. "He may beat you all. If he does, run out and lock the gate on him. If necessary, we will shoot him from between the bars."

necessary, we will shoot him from between the bars."

The police officers began to look uneasy, but they followed their leader, nevertheless.
Quietly they approached the tarantass. Strogonoff lifted the lantern and peered in.

As he did so he uttered an exclamation of wonder. The tarantass was empty.

"Guard yourselves. The devil is unchained!" he cried, all in a tremble, and the next moment heard the click of the lock as the gate slammed to.

With a wild cry, the whole party rushed to the entrance and looked out.

Three figures, one of them a woman, were

Three figures, one of them a woman, were walking rapidly away, and turned the corner, out of sight, a moment later.

The minister of police was tricked again. In a moment he comprehended that the quick witted swordmaster had been shamming sleep

and had made his escape once more, under the cover of the darkness.

"But they cannot get away," he cried aloud, in his desperation. "Rouse the town, some of

"But they cannot get away," he cried aloud, in his desperation. "Rouse the town, some of you. Is there no way out?"

"Yes, your excellency," said one of the men.
"I have a master-key. They cannot get any horses, for the stables are locked."

"Quick, then; let us get out of this."

A few moments later they were out of the trap into which they had so foolishly run, and in full chase toward the stables.

But when they got there, the streets around the post-house were empty.

The fugitives were not within sight or hearing, and the clock of the great nunnery of St. Catherine struck three while they were looking around them.

around them.

"Rouse the police, all over the city, and search for them. It is only half an hour to dawn, and if they leave the city, I will break every inspector of police in Wilna," said Strogo-

every inspector of police in Wilna," said Strogonoff, savagely.

Away went two of the men to the police barrack, and a few minutes later the alarm-bell
tolled out its loud summons to the sleeping citizens of Wilna.

"Now, my bold swordmaster," cried the
count, in a tone of triumph, "come forth when
you please. I think you will not get out of
Wilna as quick as you came in."

As the streets began to fill with armed men,
it did seem indeed as if his threat was likely to
be verified. (To be continued—commenced in No. 484.)

Captain Dick Talbot,

KING OF THE ROAD: The Black-hoods of Shasta.

A wild story of life in the Cinnabar Valley; of the men pines of the wild Western land, strange as the men who people the hills and valleys over which great Shasta rules.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "ROCK!
TAIN ROB," "KENTUCK, THE SPORT,"

CHAPTER XXIX. ANOTHER SCHEME.
GREAT was the astonishment of the good folks of Cinnabar when they learned of the

reing of the jail and the carrying off of the The jailer told a good straight story, protested that he made a valiant resistance and yield-ed only to superior force, but the majority of the people doubted his tale, and the most of them believed that he had been bribed to allow

the prisoner to escape.

His story of the rising of the Vigilantes found very few believers, for it seemed very strange indeed that, if "Judge Lynch" had taken action, no one in the town knew anything about it.

In fine, it was the common belief, even among

In fine, it was the common belief, even among those who yielded credence to the jailer's story, that Daily had been rescued by his friends, and those who put faith in the jailer's account of the occurrence, looked upon the Judge Lynch business as a clever device to avert suspicion.

Early in the morning the jailer had sought the sheriff and related to him his story.

Dancer had listened attentively but had instantly declared his disbelief in the Judge Lynch statement—in fact, openly charged the

stantly declared his disperier in the states. Lynch statement—in fact, openly charged the jailer with being a party to the escape of the prisoner, but the burly custodian of the jail had indignantly denied the impeachment, and as the

reader knows with truth.

'No, sir-ee!" he had declared, "no such thing, hoss-fly! That ain't the kind of man I I should jest have liked to have had any legged pilgrim try any sich thing on me y I would have whaled him on the spot!" Although the sheriff did not put the least faith in this story, yet, as the mischief was done, he thought that there wasn't much use of making any trouble about the matter. Daily wasn't of any consequence, anyway; in fact, Dancer had been rather puzzled at Brockford's rsistency in effecting his arrest, but he had t said anything about the matter, as he ought the postmaster to be a long-headed gen-

theman, and supposed that he had good reasons for acting as he did.

So, the first thing that the sheriff did after receiving the news of Daily's unceremonious development was to hunt up the postmaster to improve the contract of the contr parture was to hunt up the postmaster to impart the news to him.

His quest was a failure, though, for no Brockford did be find. The deputy, whom Brockford had left in charge of the post-office and the express business, said in reply to the sheriff's questions that Brockford had gone up in the mountains on mining business and left word that he might be back in a day or two, or that he might be de-tained for a week or more.

not."
The sheriff stared. The sheriff stared.

"Oh, it's a fact!" the politician asserted. "I was sitting by the open window not ten minutes ago and overheard a conversation between a couple of sports. 'I'll go you an even bet that he don't get out of the valley alive,' said one! 'Make it the town and I'll take you!' replied the other. 'Oh, no, I want odds if you bet that way,' said the first man. 'It ain't likely, you know, that he will go for him right in the town; he'll be apt to salivate him on the road to Yreka.'"

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"Oh, it's a fact?" the politician asserted. "I was sitting by the open window not ten minutes ago and overheard a conversation between a couple of sports. 'Pil go you an even bet that he don't get out of the valley alive, 'said one.' Make it the town and I'll take you!' replied the other. 'Oh, no, I want odds if you bet that way,' said the first man. 'It ain't likely, you know, that he will go for him right in the town; he'll be apt to salivate him on the road to Yreka.'"

"Sho! you don't say so!" Dancer exclaimed, amazed.

"It is a fact, sir!" the politician protested, emphatically. 'Of course there was nothing to connect me with the bet, in any way, in what I had heard, but in some mysterious manner it instantly flashed upon me that I was the person referred to, and that it was my life or death they were betting on, and so I listened attentively. 'Well, in my opinion,' said the second man 'he'll be mightly apt to go for him right hyer in the town, for that's the kind of man he is; the more fooldhardy the job the better it will suit him. I ain't a-giving odds in this hyer matter, but I will go you ten to ten that Talbot will make a vacancy in the governor-ship afore either of us is a week older.'"

"Oh, well, your exclaimed, the was all ide talk, you know," the sheriff remarked, anxious to relieve the Governor's mind of the weight of anxiety that was brooding so heavily upon it. "It may be idle talk, but it ain't at all agreeable!" the politician retorted. "I'm not an errous man, and I reckon that I don't lack back-bone, but the idea that this cool, blood-thirsty scoundrel is lurking somewhere around me, ready at the first favorable opportunity to blow out my brains with a shot-gum—"

"Well, the weapon doesn't signify; it is quite enough that he is looking for a chance to 'sali-yate me, to use the expression that they seem with the proper was an one to sali-yate me, to use the common that a chore an output to be so give him to a continue the minute of the weight of the proper was a conce o "Sho! you don't say so!" Dancer exclaimed, amazed.

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"Oh, no! he never uses a shot-gun—"

"Oh, no! he never uses a shot-gun! A rifle or a pistol is his weapon."

"Well, the weapon doesn't signify; it is quite enough that he is looking for a chance to 'salivate' me, to use the expression that they seem to be fond of up in this region. Why, sir, the idea is perfectly awful; there is no doubt whatever in my mind that I stand a chance of being murdered in cold blood any time I may venture

ever in my mind that I stand a chance of being murdered in cold blood any time I may venture to show my nose out of doors, or, for that matter, I don't suppose I am much safer even in this house. Why, it would be the easiest matter in the world for him to knock at this door and fix me when I opened it, and the chances are, too, that he would get off, scot-free. From what I have seen of men and manners since I have been up in this region, I have come to the conclusion that there are not many men in this town who would attempt to stop Talbot in his passage through the street, even though they knew he was red-handed with my blood."

"Governor, I reckon you are about right thar," the sheriff observed, soberly. "This cuss don't hold his life worth a cent, anyway, and men ain't, as a gineral rule, anxious to invest in

don't hold his life worth a cent, anyway, and men ain't, as a gineral rule, anxious to invest in coffins, particularly when it ain't none of their funeral. The fact is, your excellency, public opinion is a leetle goin' ag'in' you, in this hyer Talbot matter. The town don't think you treated him jest right bout that there pardon; he made a pretty fair offer when he allowed that he would wipe the Black-hoods out provided you'd give him a clean bill of health, and the boys kinder think you 'double banked' him when you went for him that time in the hotel hyer."

"That was all Brockford's fault!" the politician exclaimed, irritably. "If it had not been for his advice, I should never have taken the step I did, and I have been sorry about the affair ever since it happened. I'm not posted about men and things up here, you know, and of course I took Talbot to be a common sort of a desperado, and reckoned that, when we clapped him in jail, that would be the end of the matter. I hadn't the least idea I had engaged in a kind of vendetta, which could only end in the death of one or both of us."

"That's the kind of hair-pin he is, for sure!" Dancer observed, with a grin.

"It is all Brockford's fault!" the official persisted. "Had it not been for his counsel, I should never have become involved in the matter at all." That was all Brockford's fault!" the poli-

"He's dusted out o' town, you know."
"Yes, the infernal coward!" exclaimed the Governor, in a rage. "He pretends that he has business in the mountains, but I know better. He has simply got out of the way until this affair has blown over. He thinks probably that Talbot will finish me and then satisfied will

fair has shown over. He thinks probably that Talbot will finish me, and then, satisfied, will call it square with him. He has run away and left me to bear the brunt of the whole affair, and if I get out of this scrape alive I will be even with him. But now, sheriff, I want your advice in this matter, for you are better posted than I am about this region. I am sick of it. I want to get out. It is perfectly horrible to stay here and be murdered by this outlaw in cold blood! Can't you suggest any way out?"

"Well, yes, I reckon that I kin," Dancer replied, after a moment's thought. "If I was in your fix—if I was cooped up in this hyer town and wanted to quit the game and get out, with plenty of dust to back my hand, too—heeled as you are, too, Governor, on the money question—I would jest get together five or six good men, fellers that wasn't afeard of their lives provided that they were well paid, and some day I would have them all in readiness, jest outside the town, and then I would get on my animal, jest as if I was a-going out for an airing, but would light out for Yreka as fast as my horse's legs

ight out for Yreka as fast as my horse's legs ould carry me."
"By Jove! that is a capital idea!" cried the

"By Jove: that is a capical idea!" cried the Governor, instantly.

"Well, it seems so to me," the sheriff replied, complacently. "It will be pretty sure to steal a march on your man. Taibot won't look for anything of that kind, you know, and mebbe you'll get to Yreka afore he diskivers what is up. And if it does come to a skirmish in the mountains, why, you'll have your body-guard with you and you'll stand some show for your money."

It is a fact; and now, Dancer, will you attend to the engaging of the men? I presume that it would be advisable not to let them know who or what I am, until I meet them on the road." "I reckon that is best," the sheriff remarked, fter thinking the matter over for a moment. I kin put my finger on the very man to enineer the thing, too. I tell yer, he's a team! powerful smart man if he would only let whisky alone, and what he don't know about this hyer region ain't worth knowing; he's one of the old-timers hyer."

"Who is he!"

Bowers-Joe Bowers "Bowers—Joe Bowers."
"I don't think that I know him."
"He's a rattler, I tell yer!" cried Dancer, enthusiastically. "I'll fix up the thing for you."
"And the sooner the better; arrange it for tonight, if possible."
"All right; to-night as well as any time."
And so the interview ended.

And so the interview ended.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE AVENGER.

At the close of the sheriff's interview with the Governor, he descended to the bar-room of the hotel, and addressing the affable gentleman who presided over the creature comforts so dear to the heart of the average miner, inquired if he knew Mr. Bowers.

And the bar-keeper did; although the genial Bowers had not as yet tarried long in Cinnabar, yet he had contrived to make himself pretty

"Whar does he hang out? does he make his

"Whar does he hang out? does he make his head-quarters here?"

"What do you take this shebang to be?" cried the bar-keeper, in disgust. "This hyer shanty ain't no dive, but a first-class ranch; we didn't have any use for any sich men as he is, hanging 'round hyer!"

"Where will I be likely to find him?"

"Try the Break o' Day and the All Night saloons.

"All right, I will," and Dancer turned to de-

their movements, was but a clever device to screen the rescue of the old man and prevent pursuit, she at once announced that she wished that she could think so, but did not.

"I am well acquainted with my father's affairs, and I am satisfied he never had any relations whatever with this man Talbot. I know my father was not connected with any of these men, and it was only the scheme of a bold, bad man, who had personal ends to serve, who gave rise to the accusation that he had ever, in any way outraged the law. And this personal enemy, who, I am satisfied, would not hesitate at anything to get my father in his power, so as to be able to compel him to do as he wished, is at the bottom of this midnight assault. He knew well enough that he had not a particle of proof to advance against my father; he knew that this morning, thanks to the skill of the legal gentleman who had taken my father's case in hand, that he must be released, as there was not a bit of evidence to warrant holding him. There was only one thing for him to do—open, actual

was only one thing for him to do—open, actual force must be used, since cunning had failed; hence this midnight abduction."

The sheriff listened in amazement; he couldn't make head or tail of this story; but he saw that the girl was thoroughly in earnest, and was fully convinced from her manner, that she spoke the truth—that she really was ignorant of all knowledge of her father's release from his prices house.

prison-house.

The sheriff was not "a lady's man," and so he took his departure as soon as possible, as he falt awkward and uncomfortable. He promised to do all in his power to ascertain what had become of Daily, although he knew well enough that his efforts in that direction would not amount to much.

amount to much.

Left alone Cassandra gave herself up to deep thought. She well realized from whose hand had come the blow which had fallen so heavily upon her father—Brockford, her evil genius. Brockford, the man who, she felt perfectly satisfied, would not stop at anything to accomplish his purpose. It was the postmaster, who, at the head of the disguised band, had paid the nocturnal visit to the jeil and by main force. nocturnal visit to the jail and by main force carried off her sire.

What would be his next movement?

The girl fairly trembled as she reflected upon the question. Already she had seen what Brockford had dared to do, and in her own mind was satisfied that he was capable of any crime.
And she was alone—all alone! No relative—

To the God of the fatherless alone could she appeal; but would He heed the prayer? or was it His decree that, for some inscrutable purpose, wrong for the time should triumph and virtue

Oh. Heaven save me from the power of this

not even a single friend to whom she might ap-

bold, bad man!" she cried, conscious that the blow which had fallen so heavily upon her fa-ther was in reality aimed directly at her. And that great Providence that, with its alleeing eye, noteth even the fall of a sparrow. sometimes responds almost immediately to the cry of the helpless and the distressed. Hardly had the words escaped from her lips

when there came a knock on the door.
Cassy opened it and beheld a man roughly
dressed, miner-fashion, with long, shaggy blonde hair and a smooth face. "Can I speak a few words with you in private, miss?" he asked; "it concerns your father."

To use the old saying—the girl's heart was in her mouth at once. This was the messenger her mouth at once. This was the messenger from Brockford whom she had expected. He had come to make known to her the terms that

the capturer of her father had concluded to exact "Yes, sir; walk in," she replied. Her lips were white, her voice trembled, and the anguish of deadly fear tore at her heart. The man came in respectfully enough, removing the old faded slouch hat which he wore as

He was not at all the sort of fellow whom the He was not at all the sort of reliow whom the girl had expected to see, for there was a good look to his face. With the quick instinct of woman she at once formed a favorable opinion of the stranger, although he was roughly dress-ed, his hair untrimmed, his chin unshaven, bein that uncertain state of transition like a stubble-field, which in a man looks worst; but there was a good expression in the dark eyes and about the resolute mouth, and a strange idea leaped up at once in Cassandra's mind that in this unknown man she would find a friend, although he did come as the messenger of the villain who had taken such pains to make her his prey. He might be Brockford's man, but she felt sure that he was not a villain at heart

as was his master. I presume we are perfectly safe from observation here, miss?" he said, with one of those keen, cautious glances around him which are so natural to the mortal who leads a hunted life

and who looks for an enemy in each bush. Yes, sir, I think so. "Walls have ears, sometimes, you know, and when men's lives are at stake they can't be too

"I am sure that there is not any danger of your being overheard here. We are all alone in the house, and it is clearly impossible for any one to hear what you say, even if any one should try to play the spy upon you."

"Have you been informed that your father was removed from the jail, last night?"
"Yes, sir; the sheriff has just been here." "Your father is in a position of great danger."
"Alas, sir, so I feared!" the girl exclaimed,
clasping her hands together in anguish.
"He is in the hands of reckless, desperate

to the matter, so he proceeded at once to the Occidental.

The sheriff found the politician remarkably nervous. As he explained:

"This infernal Dick Talbot business has un-"

"The sheriff found the politician remarkably nervous. As he explained:

"This infernal Dick Talbot business has un-"

"He is in the hands of reckless, desperate men, who will not hesitate at any crime."

"Too true—too true," she murmured. Shy thought of Brockford as she spoke.

"But, if you will trust in me, I can save him. My name is Richard Talbot—better known as Injun Dick."

(To be continued.)

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It is not of remote or foreign interest, but is

A STORY OF TO-DAY,

in New York city and suburban aristocratic social circles, that will add much to the author's already fine reputation.

#### LIGHT LITERATURE

"A Parson," whose query we partially answer elsewhere, writes:

"I am opposed to light literature, on principle, be ause I believe it is feeding the mind on *unreal* food and discourages the better reading."

It is singular what blindness affects some people. One has a color blindness, and cannot distinguish blue from green, or green from gray, or gray from purple. Another has obliquity of vision, and always sees things where they are not. Still another will not be able to tell a man from a mirror across a room. But, our friend, the Parson, has the old-time blindness that sees no good in anything that is not

"serious," Well, Parson, a man may "smile, and smile, and still be a villain;" and he may be ever so serious and self-complacently fixed in a creed or belief and yet be a fool; so it is not that literature is "light" or "heavy" that determines its value as an educator and civilizer. It is its spirit and intent. A right-down good novel is infinitely to be preferred, as an educator, to a volume of homiletics and dogmatics, for the conclusive reason that everybody reads

the novel and nobody reads the homiletics. Therefore, without discussing the comparative and relative merits of novels and homiletics, it seems to us, Parson, that you are very impractical, (would we not be justified in saying-stupid?) in relegating light literature to the proscribed list. Don't you think the Oneonta clergyman, whose letter we quoted in our last issue, is man, whose letter we quoted in our last issue, is the wiser man in himself reading and enjoying members were not given them for the express street. Keep cool and endeavor to get him to and commending a good and spirited popular paper? Such a paper is a "mirror held up to five seems to think! No, my dear sirs. That around over town in the heat, hunting up peo-Nature," that nothing but experience in life is a delusion. Your legs are not especially decan equal for the actual knowledge it discloses, signed for the ruination of your neighbor's it takes years.

the daily press.

A "story paper," Parson, if it is properly catered for, is Society's best friend, even before the parsons themselves, much as they are worth as ministers of good:-that is about the way the case stands now, if the world isn't a huge lie, and we don't think it is. It is a huge fact, and he who does not read it aright, and treat it sensibly, had better not get in its way.

#### Sunshine Papers.

#### The Uses and Abuses-

OF legs - masculine and feminine! There That is my subject, and if you do not like it you are perfectly at liberty to lay aside the JOURNAL without reading this week's "Sunshine." And you may rest assured that no one's heart will be broken by such procedure

That legs have their uses cannot be denied: nor that they have played a part in all of the world's great achievements. They have carried the pilgrim to his shrine, the warrior to the battle-field, the explorer into distant lands, the physician to the sick, the clergyman to the dying, the athlete to his goal. They have quivered in the air, flashed in the sea, run and leaped and danced on the land. They have paced the wards of hospitals, flitted from cellar to attic and from attic to cellar in the never-ending round of housewifery, waltzed tirelessly in the ball-room, and helped to bear the actress, and lecturess, and doctress, and lawyeress, into places of remuneration and honor. And though it is to be presumed that every one who possesses a sound pair of these important appendages finds plentiful services for them to perform, I am strongly of the be lief that there are no legs in existence that have yet fulfilled their very best purposes.

Pre-eminently legs are of use in walking. But half the people I know seem not to be aware of this, while a few are over-conscious of it. There are young men and women who can glide through the Lanciers, and whirl in the waltz, most of the nights, but must jump in a car or stage to ride six blocks; gentlemen whom the dyspepsia is making savage and disgreeable, who will not walk the once a day to business that would conquer it; ladies who grow pale, and old, and invalided before their

time for lack of daily exercise out of doors.
Why, good people, do you imagine that you were provided with legs that you might carry them about in cars and stages? I do not; I believe they were given you to trot the six or seven miles, or less, that lie between your home and the place of your daily avocation; and if you tell me that you ride to save time, I will answer you that such a confession is only a disgrace to you. For if ever you had put your legs, from childhood up, to their proper use, you would be able to walk, comfortably, almost as rapidly as you could travel on any horse-car or omnibus. But even if you lose a little time, what are time and money in comparison with the possession of a vigorous frame, a strong constitution, and the laying of the foundation for a hale old age, and a race of ndsome, healthy Americans?

An English girl thinks nothing of walking five miles and back before breakfast or after ea; but how many American girls can walk a fifth of that distance—two miles—without being entirely used up? A few, I know, for I have been on jolly long tramps with some such —but, how many? One in every fifty, perhaps; and I suspect that is a good percentage And yet, feminine legs are designed for peri-patetic uses as surely as masculine ones.

Walking is an art, a healthy and graceful art, and it should be cultivated as assiduously as dancing. And when America's young legs, feminine and masculine alike, can prettily and tirelessly carry their owners over from one to twenty miles a day, in the open air, and every day in the three hundred and sixty-five, w shall have fewer broken-down young men and sickly young women, while we should then be able to boast even higher mental culture.

Running, leaping and climbing are other uses to which legs should be put. And while girls are young they should be encouraged to practice these exercises, equally with boys; they develop the muscles, add supplement to the figure, and impart beauty of motion. Any oung lady should be proud to be known as a

light, swift, graceful runner. And one of the uses to which every pair of legs—male and female, I make no distinction within reach of the sea-shore, lakeside, rivercourse, or even a good-sized pond, should be put, is swimming; while none should ever be ignorant of the beautiful art of moving in rhythm to dance music

Ob, you long-faced, thin-cheeked, yellowskinned, solemn-countenanced, physical and spiritual invalids, you need not hold up your pands in holy horror at me, and roll your eyes toward the ceiling as if invoking righteous maledictions upon my devoted head. You only make me laugh. I do not mind you one Did I not intimate that legs had their abuses as well as uses!

Because I say every pair of legs that comes into the world should learn to dance, I do not mean that every pair should dance the can-can, or dance in all places, or in questionable company, or to the ruination of health, or for a profession; else I would be recommending uses instead of good uses to legs.

One of the abuses of legs is to allow them to engage their owner in foolhardy undertakings and dangerous experiments, for the mere sake of notoriety: while another abuse is to keep them still when their service might save life, or help a suffering fellow-creature. It is an abuse of legs to use them for performing gymnastics in a pulpit, or for kicking dumb beasts, or for propelling a creditor down-stairs.

It is an abuse of legs to use them in tests of

endurance that break down the nervous system and ruin the constitution. It is an abuse of legs to keep them idly on a chair when father mother needs a favor done. It is an abuse of legs to never send them on errands of kindness and charity. It is-but why enumerate Just meditate upon this subject of uses and abuses of legs, my dear readers, and ask yourselves whether your legs are ever given over to abuses, or always to their very best uses?

It is not a light matter, if you do smile over it, But let me whisper, before I close, to all is inclined to lick you, do not over-exert yourpurpose of blockading the aisles of cars and

of men, manners and things; and as the hu- property; and I would recommend that the man mind is eager for food, we are sure it is infinitely better, for the young especially, to abolish is the monopolizing more than your share of public conveyances; and tripping laeating green sea-turtle at your clubs and drink infinitely better, for the young especially, to have a healthful light literature to read, than to daily sup on the horrors and sensations of norizontal extremities; and wiping the mud garments of the passing crowd.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### MISUNDERSTOOD.

How often we are deceived by people, and how little it takes to deceive us! I mean how often we judge people by their manner, and how sadly we are mistaken sometimes. I have two classes now in view, types of which have often presented themselves to my notice and I have often wondered why it is that we measured for a cold which may send you to do not take persons for what they are and not what they seem to be. We ought to look more into hearts and less into faces and voices. But, now much there is in this world we ought to do-that we know we ought to do-yet leave

Have you not met the demonstrative person? She fairly bubbles over with delight at seeing you; there is a great deal of "gush" in her position. She overwhelms you with wishes and kisses, until you would think you were her "dearest friend," and that life without your society would be unendurable to her.
These protestations of undying friendship are too lavish to be real or lasting-given to too many to make you think you are a favored

At a funeral your demonstrative person seems to have tears always at her command—often forced and hardly ever real; her feelings carry her away until one, not acquainted with her, is led to say: "What a tender heart! How keenly she feels for others' sorrows and

misfortunes." I don't mean to imply, or lead you to believe, that I think the intense joy or sorrow expressed by these demonstrative individuals is all assumed, always, for such is far from my thoughts. Some are more prone to show their feelings for the very reason that they cannot keep them to themselves; but that is not a proof that others, who are not so ready to express what they feel, have less heart, or are incapable of being as much pleased with joy or touched with grief.

I call to my mind one whom we have always deemed cold and haughty because she ever appeared so statue-like in her manner. Nothing seemed to move her, until we often thought she must be made of ice. We have accused her of lack of sympathy and feeling, but we misjudged her because we did not understand her. Her fault was that she was un demonstrative-something she could not help Demonstrations caused by gladness or by sor row were foreign to her nature. She could not parade her feelings before the world, but she was not heartless. She did not express as much as some others, but she may have felt

Yes, she felt, and keenly, too, for others in trouble. Those in affliction seemed bound to her by the bond of sympathy, for many and grievous were the crosses she herself had to bear—and she had many kind words of encouragement and many a deed of goodness for them. Hers was a somewhat lonely life be cause she had been deprived by death of kith and kin, and she had few friends because some deemed her unapproachable. Even this cut her to the heart, because she was called so cold. She suffered, but suffered in silence. She loved her "own" while they were with her, and valued them for their worth, but they could not probe into her heart and read the love that was there; even they seemed to believe she was too ice-like because she could not make an exhibition of that love.

And have you not met just such individuals, and have you not read them wrongly—accused them of a lack of feeling and of heart, and given them no credit for what they deserve? Some there are who cannot conceal their emotions and others who cannot show them,

before you and thought what a poor idea of the and sit down in the shade to rest a little bit original place it gave and then placed it in the stereoscope and were so delighted and amazed at the beauty, the change and clearness, that it seemed like reality itself? Now if we could put some of these hearts, we deem so cold and marble-like, into a stereoscope of humanity we would see that they beat with warm affection, deep sympathy and true nobility. Pity some Edison cannot give us such an instrument for examining real characters.

Ah, yes! Many go through life but little understood, and unappreciated; it is only when the form is laid away in the grave that we learn what was the true worth of the loved and

Like foolish creatures we misunderstand each other, and ask the reason why angels write down what we truly are, because they can read the heart. I often wish we could do the same.

## Foolscap Papers.

#### Some Summer Suggestions.

THE weather has every appearance of beoming hot and exciting, umbrellas and therometers are going up, and paper collars and numan flesh are wilting down, notes are falling due every day, and your wife's relations have begun to move your way. There will be a great deal more weather this season than you ever saw in your life, and it behooves you to try and survive it the best way that you can. In the first place, destroy your thermometers about the house; for why should you de-

sire to know just exactly how hot it is? You might otherwise remain in blissful ignorance I really know of nothing more cooling and healthy in hot weather than being honest. have tried it myself at odd times when I had nothing else on hand particularly to do, and I

then. Do not go to bed without saying your prayers or having your wife say them for you; this keeps your conscience serene and quiet, espe-

cially in hot weather, and affords you the most delightful and refreshing sleep. Allow nothing to disturb your serenity. If a man flies up and tells you plainly that you are the biggest liar for a small man he ever saw, and should come close to proving it, just keep still and tell him you will postpone the balance of the affair till next winter, and if he

street. Keep cool and endeavor to get him to Above all things avoid running too much ple that you owe; wait until cooler weather, if

Be careful how you eat green things this Ice-water, to be healthy and harmless, should from your dainty and exposed feet upon the sit on the stove for at least five minutes; this will take off the chill, and ice-cream should be thoroughly thawed out-both of these are very deleterious to good health at this season, and young men should be thoughtful enough to try and impress it on the minds of young ladies of whom they have sole control—or wish they had.

You should endeavor to avoid sitting in cold churches during this heated term. Where the sexton forgets and leaves all the windows wide open and also the doors, allowing the chilly air to circulate as it pleases, is hardly the measured for a cold which may send you to kingdom Cumberland.

When you go down-street always carry your umbrella well before you; this will pre-vent the heat from blowing on you. If you have no umbrella try to keep the heat off by

holding a cane before you.

Be thankful if you are so fortunate as to have water on the brain, for you will be in lit-tle danger of being sunstruck, and if you should be sunstruck you cannot possibly have a chance to strike back.

You should by all means carefully abstain from over-exerting yourself by carrying all your money from one room into another and piling it up, at least while the thermometer is so strong—and unhealthy.

A straw hat with the crown neatly torn out,

and linen pants extremely short will afford excellent ventilation for your head and feet. It would be a very nice thing if you could ire a windmill to sleep in, these nights.

You can honestly pray for storms now, and need not disdain to raise a small storm with your wife, and in the days of flerce sunshin ou can even welcome clouds of sorrow in your

While you may easily run up an account you should by no means try to run it down that is too killing work at this time of the

When it gets so hot that a three-inch board on't cast a shadow you had better go into the cellar, being careful that the sun's rays do not strike the chimney and run down the lightningrod into the cellar. You can devote all your spare time to the invention of a sun-rod to pre vent the sun from striking your house.

People who live in glass houses-your neighbors-will find they are pretty hot residence this summer, and they had better move out.

If you find it too hard work to attend to your own and other people's business, this kind of weather, you had better let up on one or the other of them-even if your own. You may not have a lazy bone in your body, but oh! the

Now is as good a time as any for your wives to talk about a trip to Saratoga and Newport. It is a prolific subject for conversation, and you should encourage them in it.

You will find that accounts of people freez ing to death in the Arctic regions—regions where the ark landed—more entertaining read-

ing than you imagined before. If the sun keeps on getting nearer and nearer to the earth there will be great danger of an eclipse of the moon, and everything will be as effectually dried up as a mince-pie at a rail-

The nights are now so hot that the very rays of the moon, pale but not cold, scorch you, and you are compelled to carry an umbrella for fear you will get moonstruck

You need not jaw your wife now when you sit down to a cold meal, nor frown at her cold

Young people finding the parlors are too warm even for young love, will find it conve nient to adjourn to the front gate—the gates of

Be sure and wear thin clothes; your spring clothes, if worn enough, will probably be suf-

ons and others who cannot show them.

Men who think they are carrying the world on their shoulders had better take it off now Oh, for the shade of immortal Shakspeare!

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Topics of the Time.

—A recent scientist states that in order to obtain 1 kilo of sugar, bees must suck 7,500,000 distinct flower tubes, and thus to secure a pound of ney 2,500,000 visits must be made.

-According to the official report of a tele —According to the official report of a telegraph company in Sumatra, it is no easy matter to keep the wires in operation in that tropical country. Their most redoubtable enemies are the wild elephants. In May of last year these animals completely destroyed a line eighteen miles long. Where the wires lead through jungles the workmen engaged in putting them up and keeping them in repair are frequently interrupted by attacks from buffaloes, tigers and bears. More troublesome still are the monkeys, which use the poles and wires for gymnastic exercises, and take a peculiar pleasure in stealing the glass insulators.

—"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," wrote Edward Hine to the Liverpool Mercury, "if the worst case of small-pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of water, drank at intervals, when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedi-ous lingering." Now let somebody go and get the small-pox and test this tartar cure. politician out of a job will here find "something good to do."

—Three female descendants of Massasoit, and of John Sassamon, the Indian educated at Harvard, are now living near Lakeville, Mass. They are a mother and two daughters, their name is Mitchell, and they are of unmixed Indian blood. They are all well educated, and hold a good deal of inherited land in Massachusetts. They take great pride in their descent, and one of the daughters wears a perfect Indian costume. In spite of her academy training she ostume. In spite of her academy training she has been heard to say that if she had been in Massasoit's place she would not have allowed one of the Pilgrims to live through the first winter. After all, her feelings may not be unnatural. Probably the Saxons felt very much that way about the Normans.

—The last school report of Ohio gives the school population of that State as 1,041,963, and of this number only about 70 per cent. were enrolled in the schools, and only 60 per cent. were in average daily attendance. The State has 11,979 school-houses, and to conduct the work 16,092 teachers are necessary. The actual employment of 23,391 teachers during last year shows that Ohio indulges too much in rapid rotation in the teacher's office. Only 25,817 pupils are reported as studying American history, and tation in the teacher's olice. Only 20,317 pupils are reported as studying American history, and only 1,260 took up general history, while not one was occupied with the study of civil government. German is studied by 40,427 pupils, and French by 468. The colored schools of the State instruct 9,829 pupils, and have 262 teachers.

#### Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "We Pass Along;" "Edward;" "A dwood Ride;" "The Poisoned Ring;" "Stay, Dar-g, Stay!" "A Rose on the Breast;" "The Rope's d Tragedy;" "The Late Mr. Plunk;" "A Good-r-Nothing;" "Sixteen or Sixty?" "The Missouri nch Ghost;" "A Detective Detected."

Declined: "A Tramp;" The Silver Cross;" "The sate of Rubies;" "Eugenia's Cure;" "Jack Stones;" Taking Bogardus;" "A Lesson in Planting;" "A dountain Nymph's Strategy;" "Little Charlie's Brownie;" "A Kiss and a Sigh;" "The Man with Two Wives;" "In Arms;" "Stockings and Gloves;" "Ninety and Nine."

J. M. S., Baltimore. The tournament is "closed.' see No. 490 of STAR JOURNAL.

F. McC. Poem better in conception than in expression. It is faulty in several respects. O. N. E. If the guardian is inexorable wait until the lady is of age. Do nothing to compromise her

CHACE. Answered by mail.—No young man should second time place himself in a position to be slighted or snubbed by a lady.

L. A. T. Answered by mail. The ambition is a audable one, but success can only come of experi-nce, and the knowledge it should bring.

T. K. No special proportions are essential. Try pree of water to one of glycerine. If the fusion is ot perfect add a few drops of carbolic acid of full trength. ROVER. We can supply the numbers from 400 up-rard, but no further back. We presume you can btain a full set of the Journal from the beginning, advertising.

S. T. D. You can send on a specimen sketch and we will then decide.—Gunsmiths usually remove rust by the use of emery. We know nothing of the guns you mention. Be careful that the twist barrel is wist and not an acid imitation of corrugation.

Kurry. A lover has no special "rights," and if, because he is a lover, he asserts authority over you—forbidding you other society in his absence, etc.—is love is mere mastership. Just assert your own maidenly "rights," and tell him to find some other woman to dictate to and command.

IRMA. The lady may have no right to be offended, yet, if you win her lover from her, the feeling of anger and jealousy is rather to be expected. If you do not expect or wish to have the gentleman for a lover, why not decline his particular attentions? Better have the lady a friend than an enemy, certainly. ONEDA BELLE. Don't be in a hurry. You are too oung for engagement. Wait. A girl at sixteen is out a girl, not a woman. As your choice at twenty-our would not be the one of sixteen, infinitely better for you to remain heart and hand free and engy your girlhood fully. When you are a woman rown them marry and not until then.

grown then marry and not until then.

J. C. O. Lincoln was born in Hardin Co., Kentucky, February 12th, 1809.—Your weight is light, and your hight under the average for a boy of fifteen.—Your writing is fair and spelling is correct.—Philadelphia is one-third less in size than New York city.—The population of Kansas is increasing so rapidly that its present number is unknown.

NANCY AND NETTIE. The nicest lavatory adjunct we know of is the so-called milk of roses, which is prepared, readily, as follows: Put into a simal bottle two ounces of rose-water, one teaspoonful of the oil of sweet almonds, ten drops of oil of tar. Shake the bottle until the whole is combined, and you have a very nice cosmetic to apply to the skin after washing.

CLARK G. You can get a gold pen repointed for fifty cents, and it will be like new. Often a gold pen gets out of order by the point splitting. Take it at the shank, between the thumb and fore-finger, and draw the fingers firmly down to the point. This will bend the points in place. Never try to right them by bending the point upon the nail or a hard substance.

H. La P. Some of the best ranchmen and herders are small, lithe persons. Your hight and weight are under the average for a boy of nineteen, but if of well-knit frame and sound constitution you are well qualified for such service. There of course is but one way to find such work-to go where it is wanted. We personally know of no opening. You might write to Hon. Wm. F. Cody, North Platte, Nebraska, stating your wishes and inclosing stamp for reply.

stating your wishes and inclosing stamp for reply.

Major E. E. We know very little about the relative merits of the several schemes. There is so little stability in any Spanish government that whatever plan to cross the Isthmus of Panama is adopted there must be some protectorate over it vested in foreign hands, and this country certainly will not permit any European government obtaining such tacti possession of the highway. As there is something else involved in the canal than the canal, the project is by no means a certainty.

Possy. The only flower-seeds proper for supmer-

paper, to protect them from the direct heat-rays.

Inænus P. Manuscripts coming without being properly paged, and pages placed in their reversed order for the reader, betray carelessness or laziness that an editor is not apt to excuse. If authors will understand that the more perfect and attractive, as manuscripts, their work is, the better the chance of an early and candid consideration by the editor, they will, perhaps, be more careful to submit only what is well prepared copy. Your MS. was simply not read, for we had no hours to waste over it.

B. S. H., Muskegon, writes: "I want your opinion in regard to my jumping, and if 9½ft. standing jump and 15ft. 4in. running, 20ft. 4in. in two jumps, off from one inch rise, are noticeable for one seventeen years old, weighing 115lbs. and measuring 5½ft. Those are jumps made with every-day wearing apparel on and 10lbs, apiece dumb-bells." The standing jump good; neither are extraordinary, but both promise well. Best standing jump on record thirteen feet. Best running jump a little over twenty feet.

Pussy Henshaw. You can make very pretty brechets and nearlines from the little over title.

feet. Best running jump a little over twenty feet.

PUSSY HENSHAW. You can make very pretty bracelets and necklaces from the little periwinkle-shells found at the seashore. Select the prettiest ones, and all of a size, and boil and cleanse them, then string upon silver wire, points downward. Or, with a coarse darning-needle, make a hole in each shell and sew them upon black velvet ribbons. In this way you can have them as many rows wide as you please, and form a pretty pendant of ribbon and shells to the necklace. Wild rosebuds, pretty seeds, little ornaments cut out of bark and pasted upon velvet, are all used by ingenious young ladies for making personal ornaments, to wear while at summering resorts.

Anna B. writes: "Will you settle a vexed question

making personts or maineries, to wear white at summering resorts.

Anna B. writes: "Will you settle a vexed question for a frierd and myself? A married gentleman came to play croquet with me. My husband and I had an engagement, and my husband went to keep it, while I stayed to finish the game with our guest, promising to go later. As soon as the game was inished the gentleman went away without offering to escort me to where I was going, though it was dark and it would have taken him but little out of his way. Do you think that was gentlemanly?" No, we do not. He should certainly have taken you to the object of your destination, even had it been quite a distance, after you had stayed to entertain him. It was extremely rude to leave you to go alone.

tremely rude to leave you to go alone.

EUGENE. When the opportunity offers embrace it, and if the experience is satisfactory you can then decide as to the course to adopt. To share the good you must of course take some of the risk, but there ought not to be any risk if you proceed with common sense methods. If one or two trials make you decide that the pursuit is not feasible with that partner, and you are quite sure you will find both pleasure and profit in adhering to your plans, take another friend into your confidence and try until you are satisfied with the success attained. Simply remember that "faint heart never won fair ladie"—that nothing desirable is attained without adherence to a settled plan to secure the required end. The "good time coming" comes only to those who command the situation—not to those who fold their hands and say, "I can't"—"I am afraid "—"I will wait a little longer." We admire your spirit of independence and are sure it will accomplish for you what non-action or dependence never will.

Madeline writes: "My father is rich, and I have a

what non-action or dependence never will.

Madeline writes: "My father is rich, and I have a sister, a little older than myself, who is about to marry a rich young man. Now the younger brother of this gentleman, who is a good match for me as far as wealth and position goes, loves me. As his brother and my sister are to be married with the consent of my parents, do you think it would be out of the way for my lover and I to be married privately, without asking any consent? My parents cannot object any more than they could to the other match, and we do not want to wait, or have a big wedding?" Nevertheless, it is due your parents that you should consult them. If there is no objection to the young man they will not be likely to oppose your wishes. Even if they should, it is your duty to tell them of your purpose, and wait until you are of age before thwarting their wishes. Frobably they will indulge you in as private a wedding as you please; but it will be more to your credit to be married with their knowledge, than to be married clandestinely.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

#### BODY AND SOUL.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

[The following poem, first published in 1859, and characterized as "one of the finest poems in American literature," has found its way into the English press-where it appears authoriess, and full of er rors. From a copy of the Art Journal, in which it originally appeared, we reproduce it, sure that it will find appreciative readers.]

- A living soul came into the world— Whence came it? Who can tell? Or where that soul went forth again. When it bade the world farewell?

- A body it had, this spirit new,
  And the body was given a name,
  And chance and change and circumstance
  About its being came.
  Whether the name would suit the soul
  The givers never knew—
  Names are alike, but never souls:
  So body and spirit grew,
  Till time enlarged their narrow sphere
  Into the realms of life,
  Into this strange and double world
  Whose elements are at strife.
- Twere easy to tell the daily paths
  Walked by the body's feet,
  To mark where the sharpest stones were laid,
  Or where the grass grew sweet:
  To tell if it hungered, or what its dress,
  Ragged, or plain, or rare;
  What was its forehead—what its voice,
  Or the hue of its eyes and hair.
- But these are all in the common dust; And the spirit—where is it? Will any say if the hue of the eyes, Or the dress, for that was fit?
- Will any one say what daily paths
  That spirit went or came—
  Whether it rested in beds of flowers,
  Or shrunk upon beds of flame?
  Can any one tell, upon stormy nights,
  When the body was safely at home,
  Where, amid darkness, terror and gloom,
  Its friend was wont to roam?
  Where, upon hills beneath the blue skies,
  It rested soft and still,
  Flying straight out of its half-closed eyes,
  That friend went wandering at will?

- High as the bliss of the highest heaven, Low as the lowest hell, With hope and fear it winged its way On a journey that none may tell.

- It lay on the rose's fragrant breast,
  It bathed in the ocean deep,
  It sailed in a ship of sunset cloud,
  And it heard the rain-cloud weep.
  It laughed with maids in murmurous caves,
  It was struck by the lightning's flash,
  It drank from the moonlit lily-cup,
  It heard the iceberg's crash.
- It haunted places of old renown,
  It basked in thickets of flowers;
  It fled on the wings of the stormy wind,
  It dreamed through the star-lit hours.
  Aha! a soul's strange history
  Never was written or known,
  Though the name and age of its earthly part
  Be graven upon the stone!

- It hated, and overcame its hate—
  It loved to youth's excess—
  It was mad with anguish, wild with joy,
  It had visions to grieve and to bless;
  It drank of the honey-dew of dreams,
  For it was a poet true;
  Secrets of nature and secrets of mind
  Mysteriously it knew.
- Should mortals question its history,
  They would ask if it had gold—
  If it bathed and foated in deeps of wealth—
  If it traded, and bought, and sold.
  They would prize its worth by the outward
- dress
  By which its body was known:
  As if a soul must eat and sleep,
  And live on money alone!
- It had no need to purchase lands,
  For it owned the whole broad earth;
  'Twas of royal rank, for all the past
  Was its by right of birth.
  All beauty in the world below
  Was its, by right of love,
  And it had a great inheritance
  In the nameless realms above.
- It has gone! the soul so little known—
  Its body has lived and died—
  Gone from the world so vexing, small:
  But the Universe is wide!

#### The End of Her Dream.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"IF you only could be content to stay, Genevieve—the old place has been so lonesome you've been away."

Genevieve smiled down at the gentle little woman sitting by the window patiently darn-ing sock after sock from the appallingly large

For your sake, auntie dear, I wish I could "For your sake, auntie dear, I wish I could stay with you always. But you know I have always wanted to live my own life—in my own way. And I am succeeding so grandly!"
Her young, happy voice rung out clear and proud, and Mrs. Moss and Minnie, her daughter,

just Genevieve's age, looked at her—one with an admiring, half-uneasy astonishment, the other with a pang of jealousy. They were as different as it was possible for

They were as different as it was possible for two women to be, and ever since Minnie Moss could remember, she had disliked her cousin Genevieve for her beauty and her grace, and the witchingness that made everybody love her. And now, of later days, Genevieve was further and further outstripping the ordinary cousin, and making her dislike and envy her more and 'I don't say it isn't all right that everybody

"I don't say it isn't all right that everybody should improve the talents the Lord gives 'em, but—you won't take it amiss, Genevieve, if I think it's quite like a temptin' of Providence for a young single woman like you to go set up a public studdeo, and paint pictures and sell 'em—just for all the world like a man."

"It's—disgraceful, that's what it is, mother, and Genevieve is the first Moss who ever dared ettempt such a thing."

attempt such a thing.

Minnie cast a glance intended to be intensely withering, and Genevieve smiled as she quietly replied and reached up to gather a bunch of luscious grapes from the vine that shaded the kitchen windows.

"And undoubtedly the first and only Moss who and conversion graphs are undertaking.

who could accomplish such an undertaking, Minnie. Wait until you see my 'Lily Maid of Astolat'—that I am already offered five hund-

red dollars for, and not yet finished."

It would have been unnatural had there not been the ring of glad, proud triumph in Genevieve's voice that enraged Minnie the more because she know every word was true.

cause she knew every word was true.
"Oh, well, mother," she said, coldly, "there's

no earthly use—and never was—in trying to reason with Genevieve. If she likes to live such a bold public life—why, she can. Of course what we think, or what Ryal Dare thinks, is of no consequence."
"Yes—it is," and Genevieve's tones softened

"Yes—it is," and Genevieve's tones softened into tender sweetness,—"yes, I do care what you and auntie say, and I am sure the time will come some day when you both will see as I do, that it is not necessary to a woman's happiness, or her success, or her salvation, that she settle down into a domestic drudge, and wash dishes, and bake bread all her days! Not that I think it is not beautiful and noble to do it, for duty's sake, but when duty calls another way, then—"and her bright blue eves flashed out a pretty and her bright blue eyes flashed out a pretty spirited protest—"then I certainly think that no one—not even you, auntie, dear, or Minnie, or—Ryal Dare—ought to attempt to alter desti-

Minnie curled her red lips. Minnie curled her red lips.

"Oh, well—if Ryal likes it, all right! Mother, shall I toss up the shortcake for tea, or finish the stockings while you do it? I doubt if any of your fine citified friends would take the trouble to do as much for you, Genevieve!"

Genevieve flushed—a little indignantly.
"My ofty friends are fully as empreciative as

My city friends are fully as appreciative as I deserve, Minnie."

Mrs. Moss rolled up a pair of socks into a huge gray ball and stuck her darning-needle into it.

per, and the delicious aroma of uncolored Japan tea, combined with the baking shortcake, and broiling ham—a tall, manly fellow, with grave, broiling ham—a tall, manly tenow, when grave, handsome eyes, that were such true indices to his noble heart—the heart that had gone out to Genevieve Moss long and long ago, though, as yet, not a word of actual formal love-making

denevieve looked in the fire that sparkled and crackled on the open hearth, a happy little smile playing on her lips, a contented light shining from her eyes.

"To-morrow! And I'm so glad, Ryal! Every hour spent in idleness appalls me. I do so long to be at my work again—and, Ryal, I am sure, I am sure I am on the high road to success and

Success and fortune! And she with her royal dower of beauty and grace, to which would be added fame and wealth, to love him-plain, quiet, obscure, and a-farmer! And something like a sigh was in his heart as he watched the firelight play warmly on her bright young

"You deserve all that a kind fate can give you," he said, gravely. "Only, I have heard of those goods the gods are disposed to give you, alienating true friends, because— Genevieve," he changed his tone suddenly, and an eagerness and a passion he could only partially restrain made the girl look up suddenly, shyly—"Genevieve, you will not let your success intoxicate you into forgetting old friends?"

Just a little shade of disappointment crossed her face—somehow his words had not been what she had thought Ryal Dare would say on this parting visit.

this parting visit.

this parting visit.

Then she smiled, sweetly, gently.

"I hope I never shall forget my dear olden friends, auntie and uncle and Minnie and the boys, and—you, Ryal. But, for fear that I might, promise me something. Will you?"

His heart was beating violently; Genevieve's lovely, half-roguish, half-tender eyes were looking so caressingly at him. She was so winsome and on the high road to fortune and fame, and he—!

"I would promise you anything, Genevieve. What am I to say?"
"It isn't much for you but it will be a great deal to me. I want you to come—often—to visit me, will you? In my studio, Ryal—won't

A great gladness dawned in his handsome, rave face. You really wish it, Genevieve?"

"You really wish it, Genevieve?"
She laughed.
"As if I would ask if I didn't. Wish it!
Why, Ryal, you will be the most welcome of
all guests. Don't you know that?"
If only he had not so carefully nursed that
one idea—she as far as a star above him!
"I will be sure to come, Genevieve."
And after he had gone away she went upstairs to the little lonesome room where her
trunk stood, packed, strapped and labeled, and
cried softly.

cried softly

"There's no use—Ryal doesn't care for me!
And I was so sure he did—so sure! Well!—now
for the dear other-life again!"

Such a fairy-like place it was, and Ryal Dare thought as he looked around him, in the first dazz.ed surprise, that Genevieve's studio was a bit of summer-time transplanted into the midst of the bitter cold January weather.

Amber velvet curtains, delicately-tinted walls, carpet thick and soft as moss, of exquisite subdued colors, rare articles of vertu and elegant

dued colors, rare articles of vertu and elegant dued colors, rare articles of vertu and elegant luxury, sweeping lace and velvet lambrequin on graceful shelves that held statuettes and bronzes, tiny gilt tables—one with a vase of magnificent hot-house flowers, to which was attached a card bearing a name Ryal could not help seeing in that one moment of scrutiny—"Felix Carring-

ton."

And then, leaving the rarty of ladies and gentlemen to whom she was talking, her cheeks all daintily aflush, her eyes shining like diamond stars as she watched and listened to their enthusiasm over the paintings on the walls, and the great chef d'œuvre on her easel—her precious "Lily Maid of Astolat"—Genevieve went quickly to meet him, palette in one fair, slender hand, the other outstretched to welcome him—but not—not with the glad, eager greeting he had persuaded himself she would give him.

Of late he had thought so much of seeing her.

of late he had thought so much of seeing he He had even thought that, in her gladnes his own rapture, he would take her in his and kiss her: and now, instead, he found himself welcomed with—yes—a certain restraint, a certain—embarrassment?—was it?—because of his inopportune appearance before her aristocratic friends!

She introduced him, courteously enough, and the last name she called was Felix Carrington, the handsome, dark-eyed, dark-mustached gentleman who looked oftenest at Genevieve, who stood nearest her, and who had about him an

stood nearest her, and who had about him an unmistakable air of—intimate interest in the girl, and who took no pains to hide the stare of contempt he directed to Ryal Dare.

And Ryal's heart beat furiously at the smiling sneer on his lips, and he turned away, feeling that this was no place for him.

"I will go now," he said to Genevieve, a mo-

ment later, and at the door he took her hand in almost a crushing grasp.
"Good-by—I shall not come again. I was fool enough to think you wanted me above all others, but—I see my mistake. Good-by, Genevieve! I have often feared, but now I know,

our paths lie apart."

And after he had gone, she stood a minute at

And after he had gone, she should a minute at the door before returning to her guests.

"Poor Ryal! I was wrong after all in supposing he did not care—and now—I—do not care for him—any more!"

And a sad little smile on her lips suddenly brightened as Felix Carrington opened the vel-

vet portières.
"Come, Miss Moss, we are disconsolate without you! Not that I care for the sufferings of the rest of them, but you mustn't punish me,

And the glance from his eyes made her heart thrill as Ryal Dare never had had the power to do—for life, in Felix Carrington's presence, vas a blessed thing to this fair young girl-ar-

Dr. Dudley looked at Genevieve through his classes, and his kindly heart melted before the

anguish in her white, terrified face, the piteous wail in her voice.
"Oh, not that, not that, Dr. Dudley! Only think how much more it means to me than most women! For God's sake, is there no hope—none? Am I to be—utterly helpless so long as I

"My poor child, it will not be quite so bad as that, I hope. Try to be thankful you escaped with your life, Miss Moss, from that dreadful accident."

"I would rather have died, oh! why didn't they let me die? Dr. Dudley, will I never, never —paint—again?"

Her ashen lips, her eager eyes, her gasping voice, were pitiful to see, to hear.

The old gentleman shook his head sorrowfully,

The oid gentieman shows slowly.

"My poor girl, you will never regain the cunning and flexibility of your arms again. You will get well—your health will continue, but—you will not paint again. But think how many other blessings you can enjoy."

And Genevieve turned her face away, hot tears streaming down her pale cheeks as the bitter heart-breaking realization came to her that, on the very threshold of life and success, and fortune and happiness—this awful affliction should be hurled upon her.

earnest inquiries for Miss Moss's comfort, and keenest regrets that his horses had been so unruly, and a thousand pardons for his share of the misfortune, and—his regretful adieus, as he had been cabled to return to England without delay on business of family importance.

And then—Genevieve knew that in all the world there was not one who loved her—not even this man, who had made her life a very heaven—this lover, through whom all her woe had come, this cruel, icicle-hearted man!

Poor Genevieve! All day she lay still as death on her pillow, her wistful, piteous eyes full of such shadows that it would have made her worst enemy—or Felix Carrington—pity her.

And that made Ryal Dare's heart ache when he saw her, just as the last afternoon shadows of a lovely February day were fading on the

walls of her room.

"Ryal! oh, Ryal, my friend, my only friend!"
And he quietly smoothed the hair off her white forehead as her wistful eyes looked up in his eyes, and her lips quivered.

"I told you I was your friend, Genevieve. I have come to take you home—Mrs. Moss insists that no one can or shall nurse you but herself. And to-morrow we will go."
All through the beautiful spring weather Genevieve strengthened and improved; but nothing could drive the sad, wistful shadows from her eyes.

her eyes.

"It is very sweet and restful here," she said, one balmy day when Ryal was taking her for a drive, "but it cannot last. Do you know, Ryal," she said, with a little flush of shame on her face, "do you know it cuts me to the quick to be so dependent? I—who had such a glorious

Ryal laid his hand on hers-such a fair, wo-

manly hand.

"Genevieve, sometimes I think God has ordered all this. In your prosperity I did not dare tell you what, in your sweet helplessness, I tell you, so proudly and yet humbly—that I love you so dearly, so dearly! Genevieve, may I have you for my wife? Will you let me love you and care for you? Genevieve, dearest, my life will be so blessed with you, so incomplete without you."

without you. And through tears of grateful tenderness she looked in his grand, good face.
"Oh, Ryal, I am not worth it! But if you

That was the end of her beautiful dream-a quiet country home, where peace and plenty abound, where love surrounds her, where baby faces smile in her adoring eyes, and baby voices thrill her pulses, that is the end of her dream. And who shall say it is not best?

#### JOE TO JOHN.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Many years ago, dear John,
We were boys together—
Fishing in the rivulet,
Sporting on the heather;
Stumbling over lengthy words
In the backwoods college;
Troubling sore our idle brains
Delving after knowledge!

We are like two lonely elms—
Growing old together;
We have faced, for many years,
Calm and stormy weather;
Side by side we've sailed along—
Sailed through sun and shadow;
Ended in a bootless chase
Many an El Dorado!

We have tasted all the sweets
In pleasure's goblet leaping;
Many a harvest we have sown,
Was not worth the reaping!
No L not worth the reaping, John,
Scarcely worth the sowing;
But there's joy in planting seed—
Joy to see it growing.

Not from pleasure's glass alone
Have we tried to borrow
Happiness till death should come!
From the cup of sorrow
We have drank a newer life—
In the churchyard given;
By the loss of friends we've felt
More the need of Heaven!

All we love have crossed the tide!

We to night are crossing;
I can hear the "welcome home!"
Above the billows' tossing.
Long ago we feared this hour;
Now we do not fear it;
Heaven dissipates the gloom
When her children near it!

# Divorced but Not Divided

# HIS GUIDING STAR.

BY "A PARSON'S DAUGHTER," AUTHOR OF "BETH FOSS," "THE PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. EN ROUTE TO SUCCESS

When found, make a note of it.-DICKENS. "No, not her money! I cannot take her money!" Lucien Gillette repeated, as Elinor's carriage whirled away and he walked slowly

When first he appeared in New York, Gillette had used the fine letters of introduction he brought with him only among art-dealers. As his graceful and even brilliant little sketches became known and sought after, he gradually made the acquaintance of other artists, gaining their liking by his grave, fascinating manners, and their admiration for his stern devotion to work, while the utter privacy and recluseness of his life, his indifference to pleasures, and his personal reserve, piqued their curiosity and held their interest. Though the proud dignity with which he repelled any intrusive executations which he repelled any intrusive speculations concerning his private life—its past record or its future ambitions—was impregnable, his reserve by degrees wore off. He was proposed for a member of a stylish club where he soon made warm friends. But it was not until he had completed his first large painting, that piece of a member of a stylish club where he soon made warm friends. But it was not until he had completed his first large painting, that piece of work which had gained him such rapid fame, that he assented to the importunities of his favorite club acquaintance, the wealthy and good-humored bachelor, Mr. Ralph Webb, and allowed himself to be presented in the social world.

And certainly his entrée therein had been And certainly his entrée therein had been a success. Invitations poured in upon him. He had genius if not money, and was a desirable partner for the dance if not for life; so all women smiled on him save anxious mammas who had susceptible marriageable daughters upon their hands. But, notwithstanding the intensity with which he had enjoyed his few appearances in fashionable salons, he felt that for him to indulge offen in such pleasures would seriously dulge often in such pleasures would seriously interfere with his great ambitions; for he dreamed continually of those delightful hours. Even now, as he walked along Broadway to ward the neat studio he was fitting up within easy access of his club and his new lodgings, his easy access of his club and his new lodgings, his veins thrilled less with excitement at thought of the added celebrity the day had brought him than with the remembrance of one waltz in Mrs.

lette had used his brush for the last time in the attic painting-room where his two splendid pictures had sprung into being with Sydney Trefethen for a reality and Elinor St. Martyn for a memory; and deserted, also, was the little room next it, where the charity-child had work ed, and waited, and dreamed, through four years of her life; a short life counted by lus-trums but long in the courage and endurance it had developed and the achievements it had

"There, there, girls! Come, Minnie, and stir up a good oven fire while I mix the dough. Genevieve—you'll have enough to busy you till teacher who had based to return to England without the misfortune, and—his regretful adieus, as he had been cabled to return to England without that quiet, comfortable sitting-room, to which came the subdued sounds of preparation for supper, and the delicious aroma of uncolored Japan tea, combined with the baking shortcake, and broiling ham—a tall, manly fellow, with grave.

"There, there, girls! Come, Minnie, and stir up a good oven fire while I mix the dough. Keenest regrets that his horses had been so unruly, and a thousand pardons for his share of the misfortune, and—his regretful adieus, as he had been cabled to return to England without the misfortune, and—his regretful adieus, as he had been cabled to return to England without the baken of the misfortune, and—his regretful adieus, as he had been cabled to return to England without the baken of the misfortune, and—his regretful adieus, as he had been cabled to return to England without the baken of the misfortune, and—his regretful adieus, as he had been cabled to return to England without the baken os on your wraps, I should like to take you immediately fondness for study. Then had come her wretched experiences as a servant-maid, ending with her bold search for freedom and self-sustenance.

And then—Genevieve knew that in all the world there was not one who loved her—noto rich's lodgings than her love of books asserted into the room as Sydney left it.

"I am pleased with her, Mr. Trefethen. Very pleased. Waif though the private aid of a teacher who had hated to repress the child's fondness for study. Then had come her wretched we experiences as a servant-maid, ending with the rood search for freedom and self-sustenance. But no sooner was she established in Mrs. Good-into the room as Sydney left it.

"I am pleased with the Adn on the room had hade. Waif though the private."

"I am pleased. Waif though the cacher who had hat

her bold search for freedom and self-sustenance. But no sooner was she established in Mrs. Goodrich's lodgings than her love of books asserted itself. She eagerly perused the limited amount of reading matter owned by her lonely friend, and then expended much of her small earnings upon a neighboring circulating library; every moment that she could spare from needlework and household duties being spent in poring overvolumes of history, fiction, poetry, and biography. And possessing a fine memory the girl succeeded in accumulating a wonderful amount of information despite the swiftness and lack of method with which she read.

When Gillette, a poor, plodding, unknown artist, fitted up a studio next to the room where Mrs. Goodrich and Helene lodged, he speedily became interested in his young neighbor, whose graceful manners and brilliant beauty rendered her such a startling contrast to her plain, elderly, consumptive companion. After a time he made the acquaintance of the two, and his admiration of Helene deepened when he learned her history, and discovered how wonderfully superior was her intellectual development to girls of her age, and under what adverse circumstances her self-improvement had progressed. He offered to superintend her reading, and obtain her a membership of some better library; proposals gladly accepted by both women; by the younger in mere joy at being enabled to add to her mental achievements; by the elder, because she privately confided to Mr. Gillette that she could not live long, and desired to see the friendless girl as well fitted as possible to care for herself.

Helene was not quite fifteen when Mrs. Goodrich died, and the only relative of the lonely. "The first of which Sydney shall be formally presented to society."

The Frenchman nodded his assent to this plan, and concluded the conference with the intimation that he should invite a few persons to dine with Sydney and her chaperone at his house. "Perhaps Mrs. St. Martyn will kindly sugestent half a dozen names," he added gallantly. "Li

Helene was not quite fifteen when Mrs. Good-rich died, and the only relative of the lonely, reserved woman, her brother, came and carried reserved woman, her brother, came and carried her body to a resting-place in a quiet New England cemetery, grumbling at the expense made him by a woman, who "hadn't never done anybody any good." But the girl lived on in her attic lodging, working hard to pay her rent, and obtain, daily, enough milk and bread, or rice, or oat-meal, wherewith to satisfy her hunger; and pursuing, under the artist's supervision, a thorough course of historical and scientific reading, combined with books of travel and essays, and tastes of the best fiction and poetry. Lucien could not limit her to any one study, it being utterly futile to surmise what the girl would become. Her own ambition was to go upon the stage. But though she was, in life's experiences, so much wiser than her actual age, and ready to brave bitter adversity and toil to accomplish her ends, her guardian, from time experiences, so much wiser than her actual age, and ready to brave bitter adversity and toil to accomplish her ends, her guardian, from time to time dissuaded her from forming any settled plans concerning her life, urging that she was yet a child, and need not be in haste to decide upon her future. He had hoped, indeed, that in time he might find for her generous friends and a suitable home. For he cared for her tenderly. If she had been his daughter, Gillette thought he could scarcely have loved Helene better, and it pained him to think of letting the young beauty drift through life with no sincere friend to advise, no honest love to shelter her.

But, at last, that mysterious agency which the good look upon as the workings of Providence, and the godless ascribe to Chance, and both call Fate, had taken Sydney Trefethen's future out of Lucien Gillette's hands; and he could not cease wondering whether the destiny marked off for her was more a matter of gladness or regret.

marked off for her was more a matter of gladness or regret.

Certainly, Sydney, at that moment listening to Mr. Trefethen's half-cynical, half-kindly hints concerning her entrée into society, would have indignantly rejected the latter hypothesis. Life looked very rose-hued to her now. Poor, lovely Sydney! She had known many a physical trial, and endured it like the offspring of some Spartan race; but the exceeding bitterness of heart-sickness and mental anguish she ss of heart-sickness and mental anguish she

ness of heart-sickness and mental angush she had yet to learn.

"There, petite! See how brief a synopsis of my lecture you can give me," concluded the elderly millionaire, after a half-hour talk, alternately gallant and imperious according to the

changing of his moods.

Sydney laughed merrily, and commenced to tell off the points upon the pretty fingers that needlework had little injured.

"Perfectly! You are a picture. Mr. Gillette ought to paint you now!"

"Ah, yes! Guardy will like this dress! Oh, how I long to see him!" her face gathering a real shadow. "It seems as if all my happiness lacks its best completeness without him to share it!"

Elinor regarded the girl intently. "Can it be possible," she asked herself, with a little throb of surprise and displeasure, "that she loves that man? After all,"—remembering Gertrude's infantation. "The share it is that the possible," she asked herself, with a little throb of surprise and displeasure, "that she loves that man? After all,"—remembering Gertrude's infantation. "what more librals?" And "perfectly! You are a picture. Mr. Gillette ought to paint you now!"

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Irs. St. Martyn's carriage, and I wish a few words with her alone."
Sydney hurried to the housekeeper's parlor

and waited there in a fever of excitement until she should be summoned to meet the lady whose home she was henceforth to share. It seemed

home she was henceforth to share. It seemed hours before Fritz brought the message that Mrs. St. Martyn wished to see her. She walked swiftly back along the corridor, and into the great parlor the waiter designated, and stood alone in Elinor's presence.

Mrs. St. Martyn sat where Mr. Trefethen had left her, it being his whim that his protégée and her chaperone should make each other's acquaintance unintroduced; but as the girl entered the apartment she arose, and took a hasty step forward, and, with a grace as unstudied and girlish as Miss Trefethen's own, took the young stranger's flushed cheeks between her hands and pressed a warm kiss upon her fair brow.

pressed a warm kiss upon her fair brow.

"Thank you!" said Sydney, with bewitching dignity and pleased smile.

The lady dropped her hands and started back, her fine avers searning Sydney's face. her fine eyes scanning Sydney's face. It would have been hard to tell which woman most admired the other, save that in the younger's regard was no mixture of sentiments. Her appreciation of the elegant Mrs. St. Martyn's beauty was honest and unconcealed. While the eyes that searched the orphan's face held strangely-varying emotions.

"Well?" said Sydney, after a moment, with a little ripple of laughter. "Do I frighten

"Do I look frightened?" replied Elinor. "Almost, yes; as if you had seen a wraith."

"And yet one could scarcely accuse you of resembling such an unsubstantial creature." smiled the lady. "But you remind me of a friend." Then changing the subject, she asked, abruptly: "Why has your dress no trimming upon it?"

upon it?"
Sydney flushed resentfully, as she always did Sydney flushed resentrully, as she always did under singularly personal questions.

"For several reasons," she replied, gravely.

"Would you mind telling me what they are? They may help me to become acquainted with some of your tastes," said Elinor, gently, regarding with pleased glance the beautiful figure in its absolutely plain dark dress.

"I could not afford a dress often, and needed to conform it to my means and style; and no

"I could not afford a dress often, and needed to conform it to my means and style; and no amount of trimming could alter the cheapness of the goods. On the contrary, it seemed to me that perfect plainness invested it with a certain dignity, and a perfect fit lent to the garment the grace of the figure. Then, material and time were saved; both of which items meant much to me."

"I see you have a truly artistic taste, com-

much to me."

"I see you have a truly artistic taste, combined with the right kind of pride, and I surmised as much. You must know that, in promising Mr. Trefethen to take you into the most fashionable society of our large city, I have undertaken an unheard-of experiment, but I believe you will help me to make it a success," said Mrs. St. Martyn, with real confidence. And then she gathered from Sydney's own lips a brief outline of her life, her studies, her reading, and what she had learned, from books and observation, of those customs and accomplishobservation, of those customs and accomplishments that it was necessary she should know in order to prevent herself being pronounced outré

that, on the very threshold of life and success, and fortune and happiness—this awful affliction should be hurled upon her.

A little later, her nurse brought her a message—Mr. Carrington had called, and left his

do more in view of the demand that will be made upon her time as soon as she 'comes out.'"

"And what plan do you propose to pursue in regard to her debât?"

"For one week I shall keep her in strict seclusion. Then I will bring her to dine with you. And, after that, you must come to a 'breakfast' with us, to which I shall invite a select company. After which I intend giving a series of private balls, at the first of which Sydney shall be formally presented to society."

The Frenchman nodded his assent to this plan, and concluded the conference with the intimation that he should invite a few persons to dine with Sydney and her chaperone at his house.

"Perhaps Mrs. St. Martyn will kindly suggest half a dozen names," he added gallantly.

"I should mention the Gilruths and Mr. Gillette, only," said Elinor, smiling, "since Sydney will be rather on trial."

"Very good, madame," assented Mr. Trefethen, just as his daughter joined them. "Ah, ma petite, you are really off for fairy-land? Bon voyage!"

For answer, the girl eloquently extended her hands to hin, and her adonted parent, taking

For answer, the girl eloquently extended her bands to him, and her adopted parent, taking them in his, bent with stately grace to touch his mustached lips to his protégée's forehead.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE DÉBUTANTE. She ne'er saw courts, but courts could have outdone With untaught loves, and an unpracticed heart; Her nets the most prepared could never shun, For Nature spread them in the scorn of art.

—Sir W. Davenant.

For Nature spread them in the scorn of art.

—Sir W. Davenant.

Mrs. St. Martyn's protégée pleased her, rarely, so pure and fastidious were her tastes, so bewitching her girlish dignity and pride, so instinctive her high, well-bred manners; and these, combined with her bright beauty, her exquisite grace of motion, her superior intellectuality, and the charming freshness and naturalness of her ways and speech, gave promise of enabling her to hold her own with any of New York's young belles.

With only a week's experience of luxury, Sydney sat in her pretty boudoir, while her maid put the finishing touches to her lovely toilet, as perfectly mistress of herself and circumstances, and as delightfully at ease, as if she had never slept upon the sodden earth, and eaten the bread of charity along the summery highways.

"That will do, Bertha," rising and surveying herself in the great dressing-glass. "I am going to Mrs. St. Martyn. Bring my carriage-cloak to her circular parlor."

Elinor had been softly playing one of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words; but sat, now, at her piano with jeweled hands resting idly upon the keys, thinking of Lucien Gillette. She had not met him since the morning that his latest painting had been unvailed, though every luncheon-hour she had thought to see him. And the longer he stayed away the more persistently his last words recurred to her:

"I cannot take your money for them!" Had she offended him? Or was it pride? Or—
There came a little tap at the door, and a bright figure flitted into the room.

"Will I do?" Sydney cried, with graceful courtesy.

"Perfectly! You are a picture. Mr. Gillette

courtesy.

"Perfectly! You are a picture. Mr. Gillette ought to paint you now!"

"Ah, yes! Guardy will like this dress! Oh, how I long to see him!" her face gathering a real shadow. "It seems as if all my happiness lacks its best completeness without him to share it!"

man! After all,"—remembering Gertrude's matuation—"what more likely? And," making the decision very suddenly, but very deliberately, "after all it would be a desirable match."
"You must ask him, to-night, to come often to see you," was Elinor's rejoinder, aloud, as she

arose to prepare for their drive.

Mrs. St. Martyn and Sydney were the first arrivals at Mr. Trefethen's, and the girl flitted about the great somber parlor, rearranging the flowers with which the gardener had stiffly adorned it.

Is my purpose regarding Sydney so extraor dinary as you at first regarded it?" asked Mr. Trefethen, lowering his tones, as the young lady at the further end of the room trained some smilax vines all about the standard they overflowed.
"I must confess that it is not," smiled Mrs.

"I must confess that it is not," smiled Mrs. St. Martyn. "She seems born to her present position. Ah! Mr. Gillette!"

"Oh! Guardy!" cried Miss Trefethen, in subdued excitement. And only waiting till the artist had exchanged greetings with his host and Elinor, the girl came swiftly to meet him, placing her hands frankly, joyfully in his, her eyes shining with affection and happiness.

"Well, little girl!" His glance swept down over her costly costume, the jewels upon hands and wrists, then up again to her flushed, dimpling face; and he added quickly, tenderly: "I congratulate you, Sydney! May you always look as beautiful and happy as now!"

Griffis and Gertrude Gilruth missing the words, yet caught a glimpse of the tableau, never to forget it—the splendidly handsome painter, bending with loving eyes and tender face above the bright, bewitching girl, whose singularly unique costume of marine silk slashed with gold color revealing by its helf-short.

singularly unique costume of marine silk slashed with gold color, revealing by its half-short sleeves and square-cut corsage her white throat and rounded arms, set off finely the pure pink and white of her complexion and her shining hair.
"And this is my cousin Trefethen's ward—

"And this is my cousin Trefethen's ward—
the same we saw at the opera with Gillette!"
exclaimed Griffis, in a low tone to Elinor. "I
confess I am utterly confounded. You never
trained her to such perfection in a week!"
Mrs. St. Martyn laughed, musically.
"Did I not say you would be proud to claim
relationship? Yes; this is the orphan of whom
I told you. But all that is so admirable about
her is inborn. No amount of conventional
training could improve her. Mr. Trefethen was
not so nearly insane as you thought."

not so nearly insane as you thought."
"No," admitted Gilruth. "But how comes she to know Gillette? What was she doing at

the opera with him?"

"He has been a friend and teacher to her for some time. He took her to the opera as a birth-day true." day treat."
"And will find out that he is in love with her

It would not be surprising," rejoined Elinor, laconically.

"And it would be a very fitting match I should say," remarked Griffis, complacently, as he turned away to speak with his father and their host.

their host.

"I can scarcely comprehend this fancy of yours, Mr. Trefethen," Judge Gilruth was saying, suavely, to his cousin. "Do you think Mrs. Leuthold will approve it, or Beatrix feel quite pleasantly about meeting this young woman whom she will be apt to regard as a usurper."

Mr. Trefethen's avec betrayed repressed irri-

Mr. Trefethen's eyes betrayed repressed irri-

"My niece can scarcely regard my daughter, my adopted daughter"— emphasizing the words, pointedly—"as a usurper! My part of the Trefethen estates in France, Beatrix will of course inherit. My personal property in this country, I shall dispose of as pleases me; and I understand, thoroughly, how to punish any one who shall so far forget good-breeding as to slight my ward!"

"Sydney, will you go down with Mr. Gillette? I think he will excuse me—I have to devote a half-hour now to business, if my counsellor can spare me that time."

this impossible that any one could do that,"
d Griffle, gracefully. "Miss Trefethen is a

said Griffis, gracefully. "Miss Trefethen is a charming lady."
"Certainly! certainly!" assented the judge, and the announcement of dinner terminated the slight unpleasantness upon which the trio had

Guardy, aren't you coming to see me soon asked Sydney, when the guests were about making their adieux.

shall come to Mrs. St. Martyn's 'break-

fast, yes."
"Ah, but that seems so far away! nearly a week! You must come to luncheon sooner; I

am so lonely without you!"
"Are you not happy, little girl?"
"Happy, oh, yes? But I miss my father confessor! Then I want to hear all about yourself,

and the new home and studio!"
"Mrs. St. Martyn will bring you to see that,
I hope," turning to Elinor, who was coming to-To your studio? I should be pleased to do

"And the pictures, Guardy," continued Sydney. "Aren't you lonely with them gone? What do you work on, now? Have they been

"Yes!"
"Oh! Who bought them?"
"Mr. Trefethen. He concluded the purchase of them to-day; so my agent told me."
"Oh!" with prolonged emphasis. "Is not that nice, Mrs. St. Martyn?"

"I can scarcely agree with you," answered Elinor, gravely. "I was so anxious to possess them myself, that it will be a matter of serious regret to me to have them hang in any other parlor than mine. Cannot you persuade Mr. Gillette that I shall consider it a great honor if he will make me a copy of "Womanhood" at

any price?"
"Of course he will!" laughed Miss Trefethen.
"Why should he not? Why did he not sell you

the pictures?"

Elinor's eyes met Lucien's and seemed to repeat the question, but there was a look upon the artist's face that startled her. She could not define it, and hastened to change the subject; but, more than ever Gillette's attitude toward to startly the startly the startly startly the startly startly the startly st herself baffled her. And it was not until the morning of her "breakfast" that they again met, despite Sydney's expectation of an earlier

visit from her friend.

That entertainment was a pleasant affair, and settled beyond doubt that Miss Trefethen's ensettled beyond doubt that Miss Trefethen's ensettled beyond doubt that Miss Trefethen's ensettled beyond the society would prove a success. trance into society would prove a success. The girl's beauty and liveliness found friends for her rapidly, while Mrs. St. Martyn's chaperonage, and the rumor that steadily gained ground that she was not only the adopted daughter but the heiress of the eccentric old Frenchman, gave her prestige.

Really, Mrs. St. Martyn, you have taken us all by storm with this protégée of yours," laughed Ralph Webb. "And, oddly enough, I cannot rid myself of the impression that I have seen her before; and find myself trying to remember where."

member where."

"Perhaps I can assist your memory," remarked Mrs. St. Martyn, with smiling composure. "Have you not seen Mr. Gillette's picture, Maidenhood? Miss Trefethen's features and beauty are reproduced there, though not

quite her expression."

"Of course! How stupid of me not to think

"Of course! How stupid of me not to think of that! I recollect perfectly the young girl in the painting, and that her style is identical with Miss Trefethen's."

understand that Octavien Trefethen has paid twenty thousand dollars for the pair of pictures," observed Colonel Russell. "I presume Gillette thinks his fortune made. But the old gentleman must have bought them from some strange whim—perhaps the resemblance of the faces to this little beauty he has adopted; no one else would have paid such a sum. I can-not agree with the bravos of the public, and the flattery of the art-critics, that proclaim those

flattery of the art-critics, that proclaim those two paintings such masterpieces."

"No doubt your artistic discrimination is very nice, colonel; but I have been foolish enough to offer more than ten thousand dollars for a copy of the second picture of the pair," said Elinor's clear, cool voice. "It was a matter of deep regret to me that I failed to secure the paintings."

ter of deep regret to me that I failed to secure the paintings."

"Ma foi! This Gillette has friends!" exclaimed the colonel, with a light laugh.

"And never man deserved them more!" replied Mr. Webb, warmly. "Years ago his every prospect in life was blighted. Instead of dreaming over his betrayed love and shipwrecked hopes, like a sentimental idiot, he determined to fight fate and his own heart. Without money, influence, or friends, he started upon his new career. There was no one to encourage him—not one in all the world to smile with love and pride upon him if he mastered circumstances, and developed genius, and conquered fate, as other men's mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts smile upon them for any good achieved; and yet he persevered in his undertaking, and stands before the world a man to be honored. He has acquired a rapid fame at the last, but not undeserved; for he has toiled long and faithfully at his profession, and endured physical privations of which we cannot dream, before he reaped the smallest recompense for his work; though his genius, by teachers abroad, had long been conceded."

"Quite a romance!" said Griffis Gilruth, lightly, while Elinor's cheeks and lustrous eyes betrayed her intense interest in what she had heard.

"Yes, quite!" retorted Mr. Webb, placidly.

heard.
"Yes, quite!" retorted Mr. Webb, placidly.
"And I have told you actually all that I know,
so spare me any questions, please."
"Why that adjuration? Mrs. St. Martyn is
the only lady who has heard your story, and
we know that she is superior to the foibles of her

"Do we?" asked Colonel Russell, in a meaning undertone. "Did you not notice how her eyes flamed, and her color varied, while Webb

eyes named, and her color varied, while Webb discoursed this paragon, Gillette? Such betrayals of interest are new for the stately lady."

"Mrs. St. Martyn is in a position where she can well afford to take an interest in struggling genius, and assist it, if she chooses, without laying herself open to any supremely foolish suspicions," replied Griffis, coolly dismissing the subject.

engendered was not as easily disposed of: it being increased later, when, after the other guests had departed, and Griffis had indulged in guests had departed, and Grins had housed in a delicious half-hour of flirtation with Sydney, the couple found Elinor and Gillette in Mrs. St. Martyn's favorite ebony and amber parlor, conversing as genially as old friends; Elinor's attitude—her head lying against the jetty velvet that bordered the back of a low luxurious lounging-chair, and hands folded idly in her lap —expressing perfect rest and contentment; while Lucien sat easily among the satin cushions of a Turkish lounge, one arm thrown lightly about little Myra, who nestled at his side.

"Why, Myra! I'm jealous of you!" exclaimed Sydney, laughing, as she entered the salon.

"You need not be little girl" responded Gil-

You need not be, little girl," responded Gil-How tenderly he called her that; and how happy his face was as he made a place for her at his side. Elinor's heart gave a passionate, rebellious throb. Why was this man so loved? And why did she seem more alone in the world than the tiny Myra and the beautiful orphan? She turned to Griffis with a mad desire to read devotion to her in his eyes at least. Instead, he,

vote a half-hour now to business, if my counsel-lor can spare me that time."

"Certainly," said Gilruth, seating himself, but with perceptible indifference in his tone.

"Something is the matter with the boy!" ex-claimed his companion, facing him archly. "Is he grieving because I sent his pretty cousin

"Nonsense, Elinor! It only annoys me that am always disappointed in what I am con-tantly seeking to discover—that I am any more

stantly seeking to discover—that I am any more to you than any other man!"

"Not jealous, Griffis!" Then suddenly arising, and standing before him with grave face and clasped hands, she said, calmly: "You ought to know you are more to me than other men, for you are my betrothed husband!"

It an instant Gillenth's arms, were about her In an instant Gilruth's arms were about her vaist, and his passionful, warm brown eyes

ooked into hers. "My darling Elinor! My queen!" he said, ressing a few slow, burning kisses upon her lips

The beauty submitted to the caress rather than returned it. There was no answering emo-tion, only a half-kindly acceptance of the pas

ion he wasted upon her.
"There, Griffis!" kissing him, at last, as calm
y as she would have kissed Sydney. "Now let
us turn our attention to business. Surely, you ave some news for me, to-day. I sicken of

this suspnese."

"So little, and so little promise of obtaining more, that there might almost as well be none. That Canton has completely escaped us! I fear we shall be obliged to drop the whole affair, unless we hear from some of our advertisements soon. And I shall be glad. I do not like you to be worning over it."

to be worrying over it."
"It must not drop!" said Elinor, imperiously.
"With experienced detectives, surely we ought not to be quite baffled. What have you learn-

what further of Mrs. Letronne's history had been discovered, was soon told. With a providence unusual to their profession, she and her husband appeared to have accumulated a comfortable little fortune. The latter had died in California, after which Mrs. Letronne went to Naw Oblege, where she lived a comparatively. New Orleans, where she lived a comparatively orivate life, frequenting the theaters, and talk ing politics with the city officials who came by legrees to make her rooms a rendezvous. She vas said to be a brilliant conversationalist, and levoted all her talents to political intrigues. But her health was delicate, and at last her physician confessed to her that her lungs were badly diseased, and she must soon die. From that ly diseased, and she must soon die. From that time she lost interest in politics and her political associates, became gloomy and reserved, and suddenly gave up her rooms, drew considerable money, and started for New York. Once after, she telegraphed to a gentleman in New Orleans for money.

That is the extent of the information we ob That is the extent of the information we obtained there. Not the people she lived with, nor one of the political comrades she gathered about her, knew more of her history than we do now. I have sent an agent to California, but I fear with like ill success."

"And the Lanes?"
"Miss Dora has been kept under strict espionge, But her ways are serene and above suspion. If you still wish it, I will have one of my our dislike of that girl is groundless."
"I do wish it!" said Elinor, decidedly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 486.)

#### THEMES OF SONG.

BY WM. W. LONG. Where shall the minstrel find a theme?

—HEMANS.

Where'er a rock doth rear its head, On the mountains vast and lone— Where the panther makes his nightly bed, And winds thro' the tree-tops moan—

Where a monument points to heaven, Thro' sunshine and thro' storm, Showing it is a mark of friendship given To some brave, true heart warm—

Where a mighty one hath been laid low, In his glory and renown, With the wreath of fame upon his brow, A fadeless laurel crown— Where a cottage hearth hath stood,

By a wanderer's lonely grave, Afar from the haunts of men There murmuring pine-trees wave, In a lonely forest glen—

On the tented battle-plain, Where sentinels their vigils keep, 'Mid the wounded and the slain, And the tired ones that sleep:

There may the themes of song be heard, When the battle is lost and won, And the soldiers' hearts within are stirred At the glorious deeds that are done.

Stream after stream glides swiftly on To the ocean broad and vast; So like bright deeds, in kindness done, On earth forever they last.

#### A Woman's Pride.

BY MRS. W. H. PALMER.

'RACHEL CHENEVIX! "RACHEL CHENEVIX!"
"I mean just what I say." I delivered myelf curtly of this reply to my aunt's horrified
xclamation of my name, standing in her chamer doorway, my bonnet and shawl still on, my
gure drawn to its hight and my features fixed in the firm lines of resolution. I was quite calm; the determination I had come to was rather soothing than exciting. Anything, in fact, that involved action, was a relief after five ract, that involved action, was a relief after five such years as I had spent, consumed by a de-vouring monotony, a crushing, sickening defeat. The time had come when struggle was easier than acquiescence. I had put aside stonily the disappointments I had endured, and had gone single-handed to work to defeat destiny.

Aunt Rachel examined me with a kind of alarm, looking up from the newspaper she grasped in both hands. Good, quiet soul, it had never vexed her much to quit the life of restless, triumphant excitement we had led, for this of glossed but pinching poverty, we were leading; but, to me, the change had been like the slit in a vein through which life slips slowly but

surely away.
"'An intelligent, middle-aged woman!" My "'An intelligent, middle-aged woman!" My aunt spoke the words as though they petrified, dropping from her lips. She was quoting from an advertisement in the paper, which I had handed her with the information that I had applied by letter for the situation of "companion" specified among the "wants." "Oh, Rachel!" she concluded, in a distressed tone.

"You don't mean to imply that I'm not intelligent!" I asked, with a sort of bitter levity; "that would be a reflection upon Madame Grandvol's diploma. As for my age, I was half fifty yesterday," and a smile froze upon my features as I looked fixedly into the glass opposite.

me in these exasperated moods.

"You don't know what you're undertaking," she said, faintly.
"I shall find out," was my prompt answer.
"I know it's dull for you here," she continued, in a pleading tone, "but then we are independent, and we have every necessary. By a likewise, was bitter. "Inasmuch as it procures rendent, and we have every necessary. By a likewise, was bitter. "Inasmuch as it procures it is thought by valued beyond all." devotion to her in his eyes at least. Instead, he, too, watched the happy group upon the lounge, half-piqued that the girl who had coquetted with him deliciously a moment since could turn to this man with such warm affection and utter forgetfulness of any other.

Elinor's rising was a sign for the dispersing of specific to Grant and the said, faintly, she said, she said, she said, faintly, she said, she said, she said, she she said, she said, she she said,

to work for strangers, which is a great deal harder than working for one's self. Oh, Ra-chel, I never did think you would do such a

My poor aunt was getting hysterical. It seemed that she had taken up the burden of sensitiveness and pride which I had so suddenly and scornfully flung down. I did not answer her complaints; they had roused my recollections, and thought was leaping along the tumultuous current of the past, wholly unmindful for the moment of the present.

"Five years!" I muttered, below my breath. It was five years since I had stood in the heyday of youth and beauty and success, before my mirror, and swept back the folds of my rose-colored motré, and settled the diamond circle around my full, white throat, and thought, with a flush of exultation, that my lot in life could hardly be more dazzling and delightful. Strange, mocking thought for one standing that very moment upon the brink of mortal disap-cointment and disaster! How well I remember the Rachel Chenevix whom the mirror reflected that night; tall, sparkling, imperiously molded—ah! I might well remember.
While I stood there, a film had seemed of a

sudden to go over the mirror, settling into the shadow of a gray, haggard face. I had turned with a start, and found my father standing at

Did I frighten you, Railie?" he asked, with a "Why, no. But, papa," a faint, foreboding feeling coming over me, "are you sick?"
"No; not at all, not at all," he said, in an annoyed, impatient way. Then he stroked his

"Are you going out to-night?" He tried evidently to rally, but there was something convulsive in his tone.

To Mrs. Van Leet's, you know."

f course. Well—" he turned as if to go

"Yes. To Mrs. Van Leet's, you know."

"Oh, of course. Well—"he turned as if to go away. I saw that he staggered.

"Papa!" I sprung toward him in alarm.
"What has happened? What ails you?"
He looked at me vaguely, as though he but half understood me. Then, seeming to take in my dress and ornaments, a miserable smile, which was ware a contestion than a miserable. which was more a contortion than a smile

which was more a contorned wrossed his face.

"That is right," he said, with a hysterical chuckle. "Hold your head up with the best of them, Railie. You can do it a little longer," taking my hands into his, which were clammy and cold, "a little longer," in a shrill, excited voice, and flinging my hands from him, fairly flying along the passage to his room and shut-

I stood a moment bewildered before I followed; then I knocked at his door. There was no answer. I spoke, begged him to let me in, to answer. I spoke, begged him to let me in, to speak to me, to allow me to stay with him; getting all unnerved myself, with alarm. By-and-by he answered, hoarsely:

"Go away, go; I can't be so worried to-night," and in a moment, in a kinder to e, "Good-night, Railie."

Only for one thing I am sure I should not

"Good-night, Railie."
Only for one thing I am sure I should not have gone from home that night. But my motive was irresistible. I went back to my dressing-room and thought over my father's words. There was but one conclusion before me; there could be but one construction of his agitation. I can't tell how it was that my instinct assured me of this, but there was a bot pressure woon. I can't tell how it was that my instinct assured me of this; but there was a hot pressure upon my brain, and whispers seemed to be stinging my ears, and a phantom to confront me with the news: "Your million of money is gone." I was practical and worldly enough to know the value of money well; and yet, with this conviction of its loss fastened upon me, and with the terror which my father's actions had inspired, I wanted, with a blind, contradictory kind of determination, to go to Mrs. Van Leet's ball. I put my wrappings around me and went again to my father's door. There was no answer. I could not hear a stir. I stifled the dread I felt, some way; sent word to aunt Rachel that I was

could not hear a stir. I stiffed the dread I felt, some way; sent word to aunt Rachel that I was ready, and we drove off.

I was very gay that night. Every once in a while the thought of what my wretched father had said about holding my head up with the best of them came into my mind, and then with a feeling of hysterical defiance I laughed louder and cave my very law more completely them cave.

a feeling of hysterical defiance I laughed louder and gave myself up more completely than ever to excitement and frivolity.

I can confess now, without emotion, that it was Cassel Wayne who brought me to that ball. I had heard some report about his going away from the country, that day, which had served to make me realize what I had not realized before, that I was in love with him. With a pang I reproached myself for having trifled with him as I had been doing of late, and with an impulse as I had been doing of late, and with an impulse at once generous and selfish I determined that night to show him the truth. But the evening wore away and Cassel Wayne kept aloof from me. I had a distant bow from him as I danced by, nothing more. Weary, disgusted, hurt to the soul, I sat down at last, and one and another of my train, put cut by my petulance, left me.
At last, then, Wayne crossed the room to me.
"Miss Chenevix," he said, "I am very glad

to be able to see you a moment alone to-night."
My face felt icy cold, except for a little hot spot in each cheek. "I didn't suppose that was so difficult a mat-ter to accomplish that Mr. Wayne need con-gratulate himself especially upon it," I answer-

I thought he looked confused.
"I expected you would ask me why I am so glad of the opportunity," he said, after a min-

ute's pause.
"I am constitutionally incurious," I answered, stealing a look at him, feeling my heart beat with heavy bounds, and yet vaguely oppressed by his manner.

"And in this case probably indifferent," he

added. His words displeased me. He seemed constrained, careless, unlike himself. "Inference is every one's privilege, Mr. Wayne," I answered.

A privilege they often exercise at their That is their own look-out.

"That is their own look-out."
"Of course." His tone was freezing.
I felt bewildered. I asked myself, What
does it mean? Has he inferred that I do not
care for him? And I blu hed to have consciousness answer, impossible! But, what did he
mean? Surely not that I had inferred from his mean? Surely not that I had inferred from his manner more than he ever meant? Oh, no; that would have been too cruel, too base. Suddenly, my father's face seemed to shift across the scene before me, as it had across the glass. The thought shot through my mind that perhaps Cassel Wayne knew! Knew what? That which I did not really know myself; that horrible something that seemed to put a mask upon every face I met: which made my father look at me so strangely: my lover so coldly. upon every face I met: which made my father look at me so strangely; my lover so coldly. Mr. Wayne was acting prudently, perhaps. It would be unwise to entangle himself explicitly with an heiress who might turn out a beggar. My pride took fright; my blood seemed to curdle. "Of course," I repeated, mechanically. "But in the mean time," he added, with apparent effort, "the precious moments are passing; somebody will be laying claim to you, and I have still to say 'good-by."

"I am yoing out to India as supercare," he

did not seem to be quite comfortable in thus wrenching the links between us.

"I am going out to India, as supercargo," he said. "We sail to-morrow."

I had recovered myself; I met his eye coolly.
"It's good-by for more than a year and a day, I suppose, then?"
Something quick and sharp flashed over his face.

Aunt Rachel sighed; it worried her so to see face.

"I shall come back when I've made a for-

"You are at least candid," was my reply.
Mr. Wayne looked at me steadily, but my
ace was sealed.
"It is best to be so," he said, sadly.

The evening was over. An utter recklessness possessed me. I was in a mood to face the worst. That was well; the worst was to come. As we neared the house we saw lights in most of the windows; my aunt cried out in surprise; for me nothing was surprising—nothing was for me nothing was surprising—nothing was agitating. As we hurried in we encountered the officers, agents for my father's creditors, who were in possession. They had laid an injunction upon furniture, silver, etc., and even at that time of night were going on quietly with their work, inventorying, and the like.

"The old gentleman's as still as the dead," said one of them, leering at me as I went up-

stairs.
"I doubt he's in the house," answered another.

"Well, if he's gone out with the watch we've had on the house since five this afternoon, he's gone out as a spirit," said the first.

I passed my father's room on my way to my own, with the idea of first getting off my ball-dress; it seemed so mockingly inappropriate.

own, with the idea of first getting off my ball-dress; it seemed so mockingly inappropriate.

In the glare of light in my room, glancing down, I could not have told why, I saw my white boots and the hem of my dress dabbled with something dark and readish. I looked again nearer, and then, without a cry or a shudder, turned back, rushed to my father's door, shaking the knob with such flore violence that the door burst open, precipitating me into the room, and almost upon the corpse stretched

the room, and almost upon the corpse stretched upon the floor before me; the throat cut from ear to ear, life quite gone, limbs rigid, eyes set and glaring; but even none of that sickened or

I was an only child and without a mother. Aunt Rachel had had the care of me and of the house for years. It was found as we looked into our affairs that, long before, papa had settled a little cottage in her native town upon her; the rent of this had accumulated, in her name. By the sale of my mother's diamonds, which she had made mine by will, we were in posses-sion of an amount which gave us an income of five hundred dollars and a home. To this we went; here we had lived. Stunned, blinded, washed by this wave of calamity into a new sphere, surrounded by strange and utterly unsphere, surrounded by strange and utterly uncongenial circumstances, having to struggle with the keenest disappointment a woman can experience in addition to mortification, poverty, deprivation, I lived for nearly five years with the apathy and monotony of a toad. Then, at last, something of my natural vigor seemed to return. I looked at myself, strong, helpful, and wondered at the slur I had cast on my womanhood by settling down into this dreary, hopeless inactivity. I learned, as most sooner or later do learn, that nothing but vigilant activity saves us from the moral mildew of despair, and in this mood, with this impulse, I had addressed a reply to the advertisement to which I have re-

lerred.

The answer which came to the letter I sent, was signed Norman Dallas. The person for whom Mr. Dallas wished an attendant and companion was his wife. Upon this basis we exchanged several letters. How explicit or how

eply to the advertisement to which I have re-

panion was his wife. Upon this basis we exchanged several letters. How explicit or how reticent I was, or how exacting he, it is hard to say; but it ended in my giving references, receiving specifications of my duties, accepting the terms, and taking the place.

When Mr. Dallas helped me from the omnibus in which I drove up to his door, I dare say I surprised him. That I couldn't help. I looked at him with natural interest. He was a man of perhaps less than forty. He seemed to have suffered. There were sharp traces of self-control in his face; his eyes were reserved; he had a scholarly look, a well-bred way. It seemed to me I should breathe freely again in the atmosphere of such a home as he represented.

mosphere of such a home as he represented.

The place was quite elegant: a large house, the maples around it smoldering in their consummate October glory, their fallen leaves flecking the grass and the broad gravel walks gauding the grass and the broad gravel walks gauding. a pervading air of seclusion over the whole followed Mr. Dallas through the main hall

with barely time to note the rich carpets, deli-cate frescoes, and carved moldings, and then up the stairs, through another passage, and he pushed a door gently open and we went in. This room was likewise luxurious and large. I saw no one but a grim, bony woman standing in the window. Mr. Dallas, however, approached the bed, which was hung with soft, cloudy lace, and parting its folds, said, in a voice which was authoritative though tender:

"Marian, Miss Chenevix is come."

I was close beside him and for all my nowe.

I was close beside him, and for all my nerve. a thrill went through me at sight of the woman on the bed. Her age was impossible to conjecture; without data one would have been doubtstate of the man who has turned aside from all breast; her spine curved, her arms paralyzed and attenuated, her thin fingers with their sharp, sickly growth of nails giving her hands the look of claws; and, worse than all, her face, hung around with short, straight hair, and bearing in its expression a record of all the torture it had taken to so mangle a human form; deviated by the straight hair, and bearing in its expression a record of all the torture it had taken to so mangle a human form; deviated by the straight hair, and bearing in its expression a record of all the torture it had taken to so mangle a human form; devented the scene, and my fancy lent it a storied splendor. There were a few pictures were the second that is sentient, or vivid, or emotional, whose feelings are guarded with ice, whose nature is disciplined, monastic, unhappy.

In the vague light a charming indistinctness pervaded the scene, and my fancy lent it a storied splendor. There were a few pictures were the very lent in the storied splendor. round taken to so mangle a numan form; de-void alike of symmetry and intelligence; the branny skin stretched over the projecting bones, the eyes glaring, idiotic; I had never seen any-thing so dreadful. Mr. Dallas recalled me to

a tone of haughty displeasure, as though to remind me that I had no business to be exhibiting my surprise; "you perceive that she is a great

es, sir," I stammered "Mrs. Grymes, you will give Miss Chenevix an idea of her duties before you go, I hope."
"Oh, certainly, sir," said the bony woman in

the window.
Then Mr. Dallas dropped the bed-curtains, and with a cold, mechanical bow left the room.

I turned in a kind of fright toward the wo-"Are you going away from here?" realizing that it would be dreadful to be left alone.

"Of course I am; you wouldn't ketched me stayin' even if they'd wanted me, which it seems they didn't."

How long have you been here?"
Oh, a matter of three months. They changes often; they're mighty particular. I was discharged for speaking sharp to her one day when she wouldn't let me comb her hair. Mr. Dallas

Have I got to do such things for her?" "Of course; an' sleep in the room, and read to her, and sing to her, and dress her. Oh, I wish you joy of your situation. You don't appear to have been much used to such things."

"No." A sense of freezing and languor came over me; I was appalled at what I had undertaken.

taken.
"What is the matter with her?" I asked, in a hushed tone.

"Oh, as to what happened first off, that's more than any one about here knows, or least-ways'll tell; only they do suspicion that he keeps still because he knows when he's well off. But ow, rheumatiz', and neuralgy, and what not, ils her, and then," tapping her forehead sig-ificantly, and speaking in a whisper, "she's

"Does she ever hurt any one?"
'Does she ever hurt any one?"
'Bless you, she can't stir hand nor foot 'thout
p! Betsy comes twice a day to help lift her
s the bed can be made."
'And all the rest of the time I shall be here

to be bound body and soul, and night and day, to a loathsome idiot, was worse even than Nero's sentence, which chained a living man to a festering corpse; for that could not endure leng, and this might. I shuddered and sickened; then I reflected that when I had aroused from the inanity and emptiness of my life I had thought action and duty of any sort better than idleness. I had taken promptly what had offered. I was in the hands of destiny. It would be braver not to shrink. Besides those rather abstract arguments there were others more practical. For five years I had endured the annoyance of being entire, y without pocket-money; a book, a flower, a ribbon I might covet, was as unattainable as the moon; and the gêne had irked me in a way I cannot convey an idea of. If I kept this situation I had secured, I should have three hundred dollars at the end of the year, and besides my absence from home would decrease home expenses, and enable aunt Rachel to make some necessary repairs about the cottage, and to add some articles to her dilapidated wardrobe. To earn money was, no doubt, always difficult. I reflected for me no were than to be bound body and soul, and night and day wardrobe. To earn money was, no doubt, always difficult, I reflected, for me no worse than others; nor was I any better than others that I should be spared the task. I began to examine the room; its elegant, tasteful furniture was not unlike that which had been mine once; it occurred to me how recless it was to begin who curred to me how useless it was to her who owned it; how vastly more afflicting was her impoverishment than mine. Perhaps she had been something like what I had; perhaps she had married a man she loved. The supposition, the comparison, filled me with horror; the repugnance I had felt toward her gave place to

In this spirit I began my duties; they were monotonous and disagreeable. I saw but three persons: the woman Betty, Mrs. Dallas and her husband. Mr. Dallas came every evening to tea; the table was laid for him alone, beside the tea; the table was laid for him alone, beside the bed. He brought his newspaper, which he read as he drank a cup of clear, black tea. Sometimes his wife appeared to recognize him, and usually lie sat beside her for half an hour. When the table was removed he held her hand, or bathed her face with eau de cologne, or performed some other slight office for her. After the first few days, he used, while thus employed, to offer me the newspaper, which I accepted with avidity. In the mean time I could not restrain my curiosity from dwelling upon the life he led, the trials he had had, nor from conjecturing the depression which must result from jecturing the depression which must result from these visits to the closeted skeleton in his home. As far as I could ascertain, Mr. Dallas partook of no amusements, sought no society. There was a sense of mystery over all connected with

One evening, a good deal to my surprise, he spoke to me, briefly:
"You are looking ill. Is this confinement

wearing upon you?"
"Somewhat, I suppose," I answered, in a

"Somewhat, I suppose," I answered, in a careless way.

He looked a little perplexed.
"Do you ever go out of doors!"
"Certainly not."
"You are quite wrong."
I answered, "My time is paid for. I do not expect to spend it in recreation."
"Nevertheless," he continued, "you owe something to your health, and as your employers we owe you something besides the money you receive. Your life must be irksome. I suggest that you pass the hour which I spend every

gest that you pass the hour which I spend every evening with Mrs. Dallas, in walking about the ouse or grounds." I had thought that Mr. Dallas felt an aversion I had thought that Mr. Dallas felt an aversion to me. He avoided speaking to me or looking at me, so that his avoidance was conspicuous. He had never before addressed me so many words, and now he spoke with his face turned toward his wife. I construed his suggestion into a desire to have me absent from the room while he was in it

You are very kind," I said, coldly. You will find a library below, and a piano

"You will find a library below, and a piano in the drawing-room."

And here the conversation ended.

The following evening, when Mr. Dallas came to the room I left it. But however ungratefully I had accepted his permission, I availed myself of it with delight. Henceforth, during that hour, I forgot my bondage: I even recalled the enjoyments of the past, except its hopes.

In the library I found the firelight flaring, in great crimson shadows, over heavy curtains.

In the library I found the firelight flaring, in great crimson shadows, over heavy curtains, carved shelves and gleaming busts, indefinitely outlined in the twilight. The room was trailed and stamped with hints of Mr. Dallas's presence and employments. I could guess now how he passed his time. In the bay window I found an easel, and a strange effort to copy a relievo upon canvas; a cold, lifeless, unpleasing picture. The table was often covered with open books and sheets of paper scribbled with notes. I peered into the volumes: they were mostly philosophi ful about her sex. Shrunken, diseased, distorted; one shriveled limb drawn up to her sunken breast; her spine curved, her arms paralyzed that is sentient, or vivid, or emotional, whose

upon the walls, and sometimes these seemed to shift from their frames into real scenes, as, sunk in a fauteuil before the grate, I listened with ng so dreadful. Mr. Dallas recalled me to self.

This is my wife, Miss Chenevix," he said, in away into the realms which unknown artists away into the realms which unknown artists had wrought for me. I was toiling over a desert; there was white, scorching sand, and white, scorching sky. My throat was cracked with thirst, my eyeballs bulged, my limbs shaking; and just as I would have sunk, and all at once, there was water, shelter of palms, the cooling liquor of luscious fruits, rapture, rest! Or I was lost in a jungle, my flesh torn by thorns and poisoned by the treacherous splendor of all I touched. I was confronted by hot breaths and glittering ever trodden down by eaths and glittering eyes; trodden down by he sheathing velvet of murderous claws!—and then, suddenly, salvation; the terrors vanquish-ed! I was lifted up by a strong arm, I breath-ed away from the noxious air. Again, out of a magnificent frame above the mantle, a lady magnificent frame above the mantle, a lady stepped down to me; a pale, young, lovely lady with saddest eyes, who entreated something of me. I could never tell what it was she asked, but toward her my heart always hardened. These odd fancies came and went, came and went, evening after evening, like the swinging pendulum tolling the time. Then, by-and-by, the clock would strike; the hour was over; I went back.

went back.

Rarely, but sometimes, I walked out of doors, up and down the gravel walks under the somber shadows of the bare trees, in the cold, heavy silence. I was out there Christmas Eve; there was a slim, yellow moon that night, and a frosty crackle in the clear air. I had walked fast, my blood tingled, my cheeks blazed. Coming toward home I broke, thoughtlessly, a branch of round red berries off some bush, and fastened them in a braid of hair that my hood left uncovered. As I approached the house I saw Mr. Dallas standing in the doorway. I thought I must have overstayed my time, and hurried formust have overstaved my time, and hurried for

must have overstayed my time, and hurried forward uneasily.

"Miss Chenevix," he said, in a hollow tone which startled me, "my wife is very ill; will you come to her?"

I followed him up-stairs without making any reply. Mrs. Dallas was in a fit; her distorted limbs twitched, her eyes glared, her skin was livid, her lips covered with foam. It was dreadful to look at her.

I got the bottle of ether and hastened to the

I got the bottle of ether and hastened to the alone?"

"Yes; that is exceptin' that Betsy brings in the meals, and Mr. Dallas takes his tea here in the evening; but you'll wish he didn't."

I said nothing further, and with a little ostentatious bustle, Mrs. Grymes presently left me. The woman on the bed slept, and I sat down at the window in a kind of stupor, and asked myself whether I was able to bear what I had undertaken. For a moment it seemed as though I dertaken. For a moment it seemed as though I must abandon my project at once. With my selfishly fastidious ways, with habits in a certain degree hxurious even through our poverty, the task before me seemed beyond my courage;



I say he watched; he sat there motionless, in a great bay of shadow left by the faint night-lamp; his arms resting upon a small desk, his face buried in his hands, while I went quietly to and fro, answering the invalid's moaning,

querulous demands.
Witnessing this abject depression, this apparent torture of self-reproach, I could not help thinking of the hint Mrs. Grymes had uttered of Mr. Dallas's being some way to blame for his wife's condition. I argued that any common accident or sickness with such results would be naturally a frequent topic. That reticence argued ill. It was strange, moreover, that neither guests nor friends ever came to the house with inquiries. Could it be possible that there was concealment, or crime, in this matter? I shud-

Mrs. Dallas got better; better, that is, if there Mrs. Dallas got better; better, that is, if there are degrees of comparison in such a condition as hers. The days wore away. The holiday weekwas over. One night, coming at the usual hour to the room, Mr. Dallas found his wife asleep. It was a wild, stormy night; I sat by the window reading; and knowing that Mrs. Dallas would require some attention when she woke, did not leave my place on her husband's entrance.

He sat down before the fire without speaking. It grew quite dark; I ceased to turn the pages of my book, and Mrs. Dallas still slept. At last

"Shall I get a light?"
"No," he said, "it would disturb her."
Then there was another silence, which, byand-by, he broke:

"This is a strange position, Miss Chenevix, which you are choosing to fill."
"It is hardly a matter of choice," I an-

"I dare say not," in a restless voice. Then he added, confusedly, "I wish it were different—I wish it were possible—"

wish it were possible—"
He stopped, and I made no further reply.
"I have been meaning to speak to you for several days," he went on, presently. "Would it be any object if I increased your salary?"
"I don't understand you, Mr. Dallas. I do not remember to have expressed any dissatisfaction with the terms of my engagement."
He appeared to master his short embarrassment.

You don't understand me?" he said, with the tone of pity in which one humors a child; "but you can't suppose I am blind, or that my feel-ings are so wholly blunted that it does not make me heartsick to see you wasting your young life here in this sick-room, which has victims enough

already."

He paused a little.

"I repreach myself, Miss Chenevix, for permitting such a sacrifice," he added; "you must know that you in no way resemble the sort of person for whom I advertised."

"I I do not suit you, I wish you would tell me so directly, Mr. Dallas."

"I wish to be plain with you," he said, not heeding the tone in which I spoke, and with such a dreary sadness in his voice that it touched my cold heart to the core. "When you came, I inferred that you had sought the situation from necessity; I have suffered too much myself not to be anxious to spare others suffering, when that is in my power. I watched you, and said, 'This is too hard; she must not stay here." I made inquiries for other situations among those 'This is too hard; she must not stay here." I made inquiries for other situations among those who were once my acquaintances and friends, and succeeded in learning of one which you are well adapted to fill, where your life would be pleasant and your pay the same as here. But when I had concluded to mention this to you, I discovered that you—that I—"I felt that he feared I was going to misunderstand him in what was coming—"that you," he continued, "had become so necessary to us that I shrunk to the property of the propert

from sending you away."

For a moment a delightful sense of relief came over me at the thought of leaving this place; but the inexpressible sadness of Mr. Dallas's tone touched me and kept me silent. I realized that I had somehow contributed to make his life a little brighter, and it seemed so desolate, I had not courage to tell him I would

be glad to go.
"I try to be unselfish," he said; "to forget that I have a right to anything but duty and self-denial; but it has done me so much good to feel that there was something healthful and hopeful in this stricken house that I could not propose to you before to go away. Now you must decide. It was my duty to speak, and I am glad I have done it," his voice shook nervously. "Only—only I meant to say— But decide first, Miss Chenevix."

Dallas." I had not the heart to answer him

"I thank you. You pity me."
"I have not presumed to do anything of the kind

He got up, not noticing my answer, and walked slowly across the dusky room to where I

I was going to say-" he laid his thin band "I was going to say—" he laid his thin hand on the back of my chair, dropping his voice. "You see what my life is, Miss Chenevix. It is in your power to alter it; to crown it with happiness. Would this be worth your while?"

I looked at him coldly; afterward I was glad that he could not have seen that I thought his words equivocal, and half resented them.

"I have a child," he went on, huskily, "a little girl; I have never been able to have her with me you will understand why, although my

me, you will understand why, although my heart is bound up in her. Money will not purchase the services of such a person as I could intrust Aimée to. It has never before seemed trust Aimée to. It has never before seemed right to bring her here, to this house; and she has always lived with her grandmother, whose home is at a great distance. With you here, it would be wholly different. I could give her confidently to your care if you would take her. Would this be worth your while, Miss Chenevix?" in a tone of almost passionate entreaty.

"Do you see for what I should have to thank ron?"

suffering, he was deadly pale and his features quivered. I saw plainly enough that the lava of his common look had been molten passion. The mood was brief, electrical, and commanded in a mement. Before the doctor came he had resumed his frozen calm.

When the physician had examined his patient, he whispered with Mr. Dallas for a few minutes. Standing aside and noting the looks of portent cast toward the bed, for the first time the thought of Mrs. Dallas's death crossed my mind. Another thought followed that, which I cannot explain. It was a thought which I as once put aside: not that I was too good, but only too proud to entertain it. I was not good between the condition reading always soothed lem—I had closed the door softly, and was on my mature absolutely required—had been answered by stones, too long.

Mr. Dallas was there before me, and Aimée lay life-less his and to sale particular to list the first time of said there. Mr. Allas was there before me, and life in the first time said was

the child from her father, and sunk into a seat with her in my arms.

As soon as possible the doctor was brought. I held the poor, beautiful, broken flower in my lap while the joint was set, and soothed and tried to comfort her afterward, unwilling to give her up even for a moment's rest, all that long day. Sometimes her father came and begged to take her, but she moaned and clung to me, and I could not resist her.

During the past months a tacit, inevitable in-

begged to take her, but she monther and ching to me, and I could not resist her.

During the past months a tacit, inevitable intimacy had sprung up between Mr. Dallas and myself; a craving on his part for sympathy, which asked deeds rather than words—a confidence which accepted all my suggestions; and on my part, the sense of guarding and benefiting, which comes when a woman has it in her power to pity, while she still respects a man. In spite of me, Aimée had been a link between us. If my heart had not been quite dead—quite dead since the night I said that cold good-by to Cassel Wayne and went home to such a hideous greeting, I might have feared the results of this intimacy, for Mr. Dallas, chivalrous, educated, with his sad, entreating eyes, and in the dreamy, distorting medium of crivairous, educated, with his sad, entreating eyes, and in the dreamy, distorting medium of seclusion in which we lived, was especially a man to stir the heart of a woman who had looked at life incisively as I. But to such things, I repeat, I was dead; my memories were cased in ice.

cased in ice.

It was after sundown that day, that he sat there, beside Aimée and me, for I had not yet removed her from the library. The windows were wide open; the sweet, warm air stole in; the pale lady's eyes, in the picture, brooded over

Mr. Dallas looked old that night; wearily in want of affection and care; his face showed how hollow his life was; his eyes were like hun-

Aimée, after hours of restlessness, had fallen isleep. We listened together to her soft breathing. There was over all an excess of stillness, a breathless hush, which in nature always pre-cedes agitation. We sat so for perhaps a half-hour. I saw strange, convulsive changes cross Mr. Dallas's face; his head drooped suddenly;

"Pity me, Rachel Chenevix," with a great sob, "pity my life;" then more brokenly: "my temp tation," bowing his head.

I felt my limbs shaking; even I could hardly keep my teeth from chattering, but I made no

answer.

"It is no use," his voice shivered along on one key. "I have tried—tried—God knows—"

"Hush!" I said, in a tone of supplication.

"No use," he repeated, stonily.

I pitied myself for knowing what he meant.

He mistook me. His arm was flung around me and the child. hurt you, Rachel? You, too, love me? You have been cold and silent because you thought it was right to be so?" in an eager, rapid

"No—not that," I tried to say.

His head sunk upon my shoulder. Two or three sobs convulsed him. As for me, body and

You are not thinking that I wrong y Rachel?" he asked, in a choking tone. "You know I have the right to tell you this. I have thought—thought—till my brain burned, about my duty. It is so easy to reason when we do not feel." His words stumbled, crowding out like an excited throng through a narrow way.
"Have I failed to give her all I could? She has

seen dead to me so many years!"
His head, hot and throbbing, pressed against by breast. His arm clung and tightened about me and Aimée. My heart was cold to him, but I will not deny that I was somewhat tempted; that I felt a kind of exaltation in my power. Love had cheated me; I was bitter toward it; but here I had within my grasp such other things as are worth while living for. I looked at it practically; and meantime, I felt the throb of Norman Dallas's burning temples, and his breath like a flame, and the piteous passion of his eyes, which plead to me not to deny his impoverished life what they asked of me; and the child, that we both loved so, slept in my arms.

There occurred then one of those singular thought transits which are the mechanism of and Aimée. My heart was cold to him, but

There occurred then one of those singular thought-transits which are the mechanism of fate. With a few more moments of silence, with a few more words of entreaty, I know not but I might have yielded, for I was oppressed by the thought that my life had merged into this family and its interests beyond my control, and I was looking back at the trial and emptiness of the past and contrasting it with the possible future; but vaguely, while I hestitated, my eyes settled upon the shadowed portrait above the mantle, and so peculiar was the impression, that, without a moment's thought as to the disconnection of the question with the circumstances, I asked, suddenly:

"Who is that, Mr. Dallas?"
He started, half-rose, as though from my tone he thought I must have seen at least something more than a familiar picture, and in the twilight the sad eyes bent, burningly, on him, as they had before on me. thought-transits which are the mechanism of

o save her, but we were inextricably tangled in the debris. When I recovered my consciousness hours had elapsed. I was here, at home; they told me my wife was dying. Oh, how prayed for her life; for her life at any cost, madly, almost blasphemously! Little thinking—how could I think?—of how it was. Well, she gived mentals town, the great news contents. —how could I think?—of how it was. Well, she lived, mangled, torn, the great nerve-centers wrenched awry, the brain softening from its injuries, the helpless victim of the sickening ailments which her frame has accumulated year by year. She lived. My prayer was answered." He was pacing the floor; he stopped and wiped the thick beads of sweat from his face. Then he turned and confronted me sharply.
"What do you think, now, that I owe her?" The tears were streaming from my eyes.

"What do you think, now, that I owe her?"
The tears were streaming from my eyes.
"Not less than your life," I answered.
"So I have thought. I have made her fate my first and last consideration. I have immolated myself to loneliness lest I should be tempted to forget. I have tried to expiate the wrong I did her by sharing, as far as I could, her wretched fate. And, you see, even here in my seclusion I could not guard against temptation; against failure. Rachel Chenevix, it was not my fault that you came here." The reproof was wrung from his struggle. "Forgive me," he added, in a moment; "I ought to bless, not reproach you; another woman, maybe, would not have said and done what you have."
"I forgive you. I do not deserve any credit."

The child in my arms was stirring; I lulled and stilled her. Mr. Dallas sat down by me

again.
"I want you to go away from here, Rachel," he said, kindly, calmly. "Not that I fear myself any more. I have nothing to do with love. But you are young and handsome; this is no life

for you to lead."

I was glad to have him say this. I felt as if I had troubled the sacred peace of this house.

"You will wait, though, until Aimée is better?" he added, anxiously.

"Yes," I told him, "I would wait till then."
When this promise was asked and given, we thought of the time and the events which were to transpire hefore Aimée was better.

thought of the time and the events which were to transpire before Aimée was better.

The child had an exquisitely nervous organization; pain and confinement fretted her into a low, consuming fever which sapped the vitality requisite to the healing of the fracture. Day after day I sat at her bedside. It was perhaps some compensation for the possible wrong I had done Norman Dallas, that I saved his child's life for him. One night, a sultry, breathless. August night, when Aimée was the worst, about two o'clock, a stir and confusion suddenly arose life for him. One night, a sultry, breathless August night, when Aimée was the worst, about two o'clock, a stir and confusion suddenly arose in the house. The doors throughout were opened for air, and although Aimée and I occupied a remote chamber, I could hear in the vicinity of Mrs. Dallas's room, hurried footsteps, sharp cries, low moans, then again agitated confusion; by-and-by there fell a silence, and afterward there was a low, trembling sound of voices; a woman's and a man's. These lasted perhaps a half-hour, and then there was another silence, broken, this time, with sobs; a man's.

In the morning I knew, already, what they came to tell me; that Mrs. Dallas was dead.

Aimée's father did not come to see her that day, nor the next. The third day was the funeral. In the meantime a good many relatives had arrived, most of whom came to see the sick child. When Mr. Dallas's wife's mother came, he was with her. He put her hand in mine; there was no shrinking, no emotion.

"This is a dear, true friend, mother," he said, and added, "Rachel, this is Mrs. Wayne."

In spite of me my face flushed at this name; a common name enough, only I was not used to hearing it. But they had gone up to the bed-

a common name enough, only I was not used to hearing it. But they had gone up to the bed-side and did not notice me. When Mrs. Wayne vas about to leave the room a half-hour after

she said:

"Miss Chenevix, my nephew, who is here, is very anxious to see Aimée; he is very fond of her. May I send him up?"

"Of course," I answered.

A few moments later a man's step came through the hall, and turning mechanically to the door as he entered, I was face to face with Cassel Wayne. He was less prepared than I for the meeting; no hint of my name or my presence had reached him; but he recovered from his surprise and bowed coldly. That was well. I would he are called as he. He talked a few minutes. surprise and bowed coldly. That was well. I could be as cold as he. He talked a few minutes to Aimée and left the room, with nothing more for me than the bow he had bestowed of formal

The day passed. The funeral services were performed below. The household went to the performed below. The household went to the grave. I sat in a stupor in the quiet house. I had never really known how fresh and warm that love-dream had kept in my heart, till I saw how idle it had been to keep it. Perhaps the interview had wrought a good work; now I should not cling any more to a lie, and when the struggle was once over I might have strength to face, calmly, the knowledge that life contained no further interest for me, in Cassel Wayne.

It was late in the afternoon that a tap came

It was late in the afternoon that a tap came at my door. Someway, when I opened it, I ex-pected to see Mr. Dallas. It was not he, how-

Miss Chenevix," said Mr. Wayne, not offering to enter the room, "I am going away to-night, and in memory of old times, at least, I thought I might claim an interview with you." "You are very scrupulous, Mr. Wayne, to "You are very scrupulous, Mr. Wayne, to attend to a claim based on such a myth as old times."

"Those old times are no myth to me," he said, rather gloomily. "They have molded my life." I looked full in his face as he stood before me. Maybe my eyes betrayed more than I meant they should, of what I had been thinking, for e said, with a kind of enthusiasm blazing in his

ook:
"Come what will, now, Rachel Chenevix, I will not leave you to-day as I did nearly six years ago. To-day there shall not be a chance for misunderstanding. You shall answer my plain question with plain words;" he came nearer to me. "Did you ever love me?"

piano to matches of gay songs; and it seems to me—through what spiritual sophistry I do not pretend to understand—that the eyes of the por-

the dead prince the other evening, said; "I can only say that a more charming, a more promising young man has rarely existed. If it had been the will of Providence that he should have been called to succeed his father as sovereign of that great country, our neighbor, I believe he would have proved an admirable sovereign, and that he, like his father, would have been a true and great ally of this country." WASHINGTON'S LAST LOOK AT VALLEY FORGE.

WASHINGTON'S LAST LOOK AT VALLEY FORGE.

George Washington's last visit to Valley Forge, when he was about to retire to private life at the end of his second Presidential term, was described by an old farmer, once a Revolutionary soldier, to his son, who made a record of that description. The farmer was plowing in a field near the old encampment ground when he observed a man of dignified appearance, dressed in a plain black suit, and followed by a colored servant, ride up the road and dismount near. He approached and cordially took the farmer's hand, making inquiries about certain families in the neighborhood, about the surrounding farms, their productions and the system of cultivation. He put the answers into a note-book and told the farmer that he had been in the army and at the camp, and as he expected to leave the city in a few months, with the prospect of never returning, he had expected to leave the city in a few months, with the prospect of never returning, he had taken this journey to visit the place which had been the scene of so much suffering and distress and see how far the inhabitants had recovered from its effects. And adding that his name was George Washington, he declared that to see the people happy and the farms prospering, and to meet with his old companions now peaceably engaged in the most useful of all employments, afforded him more satisfaction than all the homage that could be paid to his person or staomage that could be paid to his person or sta-

tion.' NILSSON'S LITTLE FIDDLE. MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZAUD and her husband live very quietly in London. The prima donna on the days on which she is to sing is inexorable as regards invitations, always remaining in absolute seclusion, with the exception of an hour's drive with M. Rouzaud. The pair are heartily devoted to each other and most happy in their home. Madame Rouzaud much enjoys the theater and gives many a spare evening to its pleasures. Among the fair woman's possessions, the chief treasure, says the London World, is a little box containing the earliest musical instrument with which she was acquainted. It is a cheap, plain fiddle, cracked and stringless, a sorry specimen indeed. Lifting it daintily, she says: "I love the violin, and would play it every day if I were permitted to do so; but I am not permitted. It is suspected that the constrained attitude and the powerful vibration would by no means improve either MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZAUD and her vibration would by no means improve either my physical or musical tone for the evening. But I regret the violin nevertheless, and love e very much indeed; for it is the instruthis one very much indeed; for it is the instru-ment I played on at fairs round the country to help my people to money while I was yet a lit-tle child. I am, as you hear, a peasant born, and am proud of it;" and the fair head is flung back, the blue eyes throw out a brighter ray, and the soft curls are shaken.

ROBBERS AND BRIGANDS

WE sometimes hear expressions of surprise at he existence of organized bands of road-agents, brigands, horse and cattle-thieves and robbers that exist and flourish in the far West; but seem to forget that even in Europe, at this present moment, such bands are openly defying all efforts at their suppression, or, if one band is dispersed, another soon takes its place. A secret society of malefactors called Fratuzzi has recently been broken up at Palermo Italy. It cently been broken up at Palermo, Italy. It was duly organized under one chief, with sub-divisions of labor, a council of directors, and its own physician, notary, council or directors, and its own physician, notary, councilors and apothecary. An oath bound the members to mutual defense and succor, and all infringements of the rules were punished with death. The rites of admission were horrible. The finger of the candidate was punctured, and with the blood issuing from the wound the image of some saint was ing from the wound the image of some saint was sprinkled, and the image was then burned and the ashes were scattered to the winds. The the ashes were scattered to the winds. The neophyte was afterward conducted to a hall wherein was placed a crucifix. The candidate was stationed opposite. A pistol was put in his hand, and he was required to fire at the qrucifix. It is supposed that the man who shoots at the image of the crucified Redeemer will have no scruple in killing his father, son or brother at the will of the society, and after this proof of his courage the candidate is dubbed Fratuzza, and made a full member of the craft. If this had been embodied in a "Dime Novel," as an incident of Black Hills life, plenty of overwise critics would have said: "How preposterous!" A LOVE STORY FOR TWO

stances, I asked, suddenly:

"Would this be worth your while, Miss Chenevix," in a tone of almost passionate entresty.

"Do you see for what I should have to thank provided the stances of the company of the started half-ness, as a cough from my tone than a familiar picture, and in the willing the stand to your daughter."

"He stooped and took my hand up, but dropped it suddenly, as though the touch had hurt him.

"I only meant to say, God bless you," he stammered, 'that is all;' then feeling his way along through the darkness, he stole out of the room.

"I only meant to say, God bless you," he stammered, 'that is all;' then feeling his way along through the darkness, he stole out of the room of the sumble of the room in the room of the darkness, he stole out of the room of the darkness, he stole out of the room of the stand that is all;' then feeling his way from my side.

"More weeks Aimée came—oh, Aimée, dar ling,' with thy royal, golden-haired, head, and eoral mouth, ivory shoulders and lovely eyes, when I think what came of thy coming! But must not anticipate.

Betsy was now installed, subject to my supervision, as Mrs. Dallas's nurse. I slept with Almée; walked with her; taught her, and allowed all advered her. Bettey was now installed with devolution of the strongled amount of the composure."

"Mo. Dallas' may be the lines of his face. "You see what when I think what came of thy coming! But he must not anticipate.

Betsy was now installed, subject to my supervision, as Mrs. Dallas's nurse. I slept with Almée; walked with her; taught her, and allowed every an all the with the her of the composure. "Mo. Dallas' my weeks a more installed, subject to my supervision, as a Mrs. Dallas's nurse. I slept with Almée, was now installed, subject to my supervision, as Mrs. Dallas's nurse. I slept with Almée, was now installed, subject to my supervision, as a my see her her when the more interesting the many the many the many the many through the many the many through the many through the many through the many through THE most remarkable love story of the sum mer is told by the Port Jervis Union. Fou

months since, we have been like one family. He is somewhat graver and older-looking than I first knew him, chastened, earnest and contented. His life is devoted to Aimée; to her studies and her pleasures. It seems, now, that she represents to him the worshiped wife of that one happy year, and he wants no solace or companionship but hers. There is a more cheerful air about his house. Aimée has filled it with pets and plants; she has the sunshine streaming through open windows; her little fingers make accompaniment on the keys of the long-closed piano to snatches of gay songs; and it seems to and gave her up.

POPULATION AND LONGEVITY.

me—through what spiritual sophistry I do not pretend to understand—that the eyes of the portrait have lost their look of agony and entreaty. Perhaps it is because they reflect, now, the happier light in my own.

En Passant.

The prince Imperial as A boy.

The prince Imperial, when a child, was particularly fond of geography, natural philosophy and history. He appreciated heroism intensely, and his favorite classical hero was Alexander the Great, on account of his skill as a horseman, and his magnanimity toward Darius. A characteristic little story is told of a quarrel between the young prince and the daughter of Princess Metternich, when they were both children at Fontainebleau. The two little ones were talking about a doll's dress belonging to the princes's remarks about it that she boxed his ears. The prince reddened, drew boack as if to avoid the temptation to return the blow, and then said in a haughty tone: "Mademoiselle, what you have done is very vulgar; you would deserve that I should do the same to you; but I must not, for you are nothing but a little girl." The Prince of Wales, mentioning the dead prince the other evening, a more promising young man has rarely existed. If it had

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#### A WALK IN SUMMER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

In pensive meditation I alone
Walk by this rivulet's course.
By far I'd rather walk than ride, I own,
—Besides I have no horse.

The lovely flowers are springing 'neath my feet, And very well they may, 'Most anything that hears these footfalls beat Would try to spring away.

The airy breeze meandering around Upon my brow blows cool, With ten-cent hat of straw that brow is crowned Like those boys wear to school.

The summer sun lets go and falls quite hard.
I wonder if it broke?
The birds they pipe their lays for my reward
And I—well, I pipe smoke.

I've left the city with its hated streets, Its sorrows and regrets, I've left the busy throng of men one meets, The want, and, (hem)—the debts!

And here along this silvan brook I wend, Free, being charged no toll, For if I was I haven't got a cent To save my earthly sole.

All Nature seems alive. Nature to man Her shoulder never shrugs. There are a thousand voices in my ear— Besides a couple of bugs.

I watch the little fishes in the creek As back and forth they flit. My heart aches for them till it's nigh to break Poor things! they must be wet!

I'd like to take a few in just to dry-My feelings are so tender, But the only pin for hook that I have by Is fixed to my suspender.

The air is regal with the odorous scent
Of flowers by the marge,
And so to-day with my nose I'm content—
Although it's rather large.

This is a day to make the heart expand— My vest is rather tight, And loveliness I see on either hand, With dirt, they're far from white.

On this, my only bank, I now recline, And go to sleep in bliss; Where every reader of this rhymed line No doubt already is.

# The Condor-Killers;

WILD ADVENTURES AT THE EQUATOR.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH, AUTHOR OF "SNOW-SHOE TOM," ETC. VIII.

TOGETHER AGAIN-A BREAKFAST INTERRUPTED NICHOLAS stood drenched and unarmed on the bank of the Amazon. Before him the stream, now covered with the broken branches of palm and not a few beautiful large flowers, that told in mute language of the passage of the pororocca on the preceding night, moved as sluggish as of yore, and behind him stretched a forest deep, dark and full of death. It was from its depths that the cry of the puma had come.

come.
As yet, Nicholas knew nothing of the fate of his companions, Elgardo and Jack. Fortunately, perhaps, they had not conveyed all their things to the floating island; the Peruvian boy had made a cache somewhere in the forest, in which three rifles and a good supply of ammunition had been placed; but alone, and with landmarks erased by the terrible storm, Nicholas knew that he would never be able to find the spot. But he did not despair.

knew that he would never be able to find the spot. But he did not despair.

The cry of the puma grew more frequent and distinct, and the solitary boy at last caught sight of a grayish body moving through the debris of trees and plants that littered the aisles of the forest. With a river before him and a puma behind, the young adventurer was placed in a very annoying position. But he prepared to meet the latter.

Seizing a heavy branch that lay almost at his very feet, Nick turned squarely upon the "false deer," and braced himself for the combat.

"Not as long as I can fight will I give up!" he said, defiantly. "Come on, my good sassu-

said, defiantly. "Come on, my good sassu arana, and we will fight for the championship of the Amazonian valley." At this juncture the wily animal chanced to

At this juncture the why animal chanced to see the antagonist waiting calmly for him cudgel in hand, and crouched to the ground.

He was now not more than thirty yards from Nicholas, who had made up his mind that the animal was in a proper condition to attack man. As he looked he saw that the beast was chiding along on his helly affect the property

gliding along on his belly, after the manner of its species, with its eyes fixed intently upon

him.
"I'll give you the best I've got!" said the boy, anxious for the battle, inevitable as he thought, to be on. "Come on, and let us finish this mat-

As if endowed with understanding, the puma gave a light spring forward and landed on the ground almost within reach of the boy's stout cudgel. Nicholas raised the club; but involun-tarily started back. The animal was crouching at his feet as it were, but the eyes were not so fierce as the orbs of the enraged puma; on the contrary, Nicholas fancied that they gleamed with the light of recognition, and this fancy was confirmed by the movements of the puma

tail.
"By my life! the beast is wearing a collar!" suddenly cried the boy, espying a collar resembling tanned vicuna hide about the puma's neck.
"The animal is not in its wild state; but has

Alboso had a pet puma."

At mention of the mad condor-killer's name, the puma bounded forward, and with a low whine crouched at Nick's feet.

"Pava! Pava!" cried the boy, with rising joy, and the animal rose on its hind feet, uttering whines of delight

ing whines of delight.
"Where is your master?" asked Nicholas, stroking the beautiful hide of the beast, which stroking the beautiful hide of the beast, which could be none other than Alboso's companion.
But the puma continued to manifest his pleasure in meeting the boy, and our young readers may imagine the thankfulness that perwaded the youth's breast, for the bloodless termination of his encounter with the animal.

"Now," taought he, "if I could but find Elgardo and Jack how happy I should be again!" How happy! for to be alone in an Amazonian forest is one of the most unpleasant situations in which a man can well find himself.
But fortune was about to grant Nicholas another favor, for while he yet stroked the puma's

other favor, for while he yet stroked the puma's hide, he heard a loud shout, and turning saw Elgardo and Jack. For a moment the youth could scarcely credit the evidence of sight; but he bounded forward and was soon in the arms

They had been carried down the stream on a portion of the island which had been broken into fragments by the violence of the storm, and considered their escape one of great mo-

Elgardo was startled by the appearance of Alboso's puma in that spot; but saying that the condor-killer could not be far off, he announced himself ready to hunt for the cache. But the finding of the desired spot was no easy task for finding of the desired spot was no easy task for the young guide, for, as we have already mentioned, the storm had rendered the forest a perfect wilderness of broken branches and detached sipos. The Peruvian boy, however, found a few of his landmarks, and at last, to the joy of the two boys, the lost cache was discovered. Not only found, but Elgardo announced that it had not been disturbed—not even by the prying and pillaging monkeys—and once more the trio grasped good guns.

"Breakfast first!" said Elgardo; but the two boys looked at him in surprise.

Bidding the boys gather a quantity of dry white lips, and pained frown.

sticks, the young guide plunged into the woods, and the report of his gun was soon heard. Not long afterward he was seen returning with a queer animal thrown over his shoulders, and, to the boys' surprise, he cast at their feet not a young deer, but an ill-shaped, black-faced monkey. Elgardo hastily said that his prey was the macaco harrigudo monkey, the largest one in America; and that its flesh was considered a delicacy by the natives. At first Jack and one in America; and that its liesh was considered a delicacy by the natives. At first Jack and Nicholas were averse to tasting the meat of the creature; but when the guide with his salaams offered them a nicely-roasted hunk, their ravenous appetites carried the day, and their aversion vanished.

aversion vanished.

Pava, the puma, fell to with keen relish on the part assigned to him by Elgardo, and the meal was progressing with satisfaction when the guide looked up and then sprung erect.

"Another storm?" cried Nicholas.

"Yes; but not the pororocca!" answered Elgardo. "Listen! el tapir!"

Silence on the trio's part was not necessary to enable them to hear the noise that was approaching from the north. It seemed as if a quadron of cavalry was charging through the

At once rifles were lifted, and the adventurers At once rifles were lifted, and the adventurers prepared to receive the new foe.

"El tapir is not very dangerous," Elgardo said. "But if you do not get out of his way, he will run over you—that's all. When he is running with el tique on his back, he is furious. Santissima! here they come!"

Sure enough, the makers of the confusion that filled the forest had hove in sight. It was a herd of tapirs—fifty or more—plunging along in the awkward gallop peculiar to that animal.

"They are coming straight at us!" cried Jack.

"They are coming straight at us!" cried Jack.
"No!" answered Elgardo, who had been watching the movements of the animals from the first. "They have turned aside a little: look, señors! el tigre! el tigre!"
Clinging to the thick neck of one of the foremost tapirs, with his teeth and claws buried in the rhinoceros-hide, was the largest specimen of the jaguar ever seen in the woods of South America.
The cause of the tapirs' flight or stampede

The cause of the tapirs' flight or stampede was now apparent. The watchful jaguar had darted upon the leader of the herd from his station in a tree, and they were rushing for the river beneath whose waters they would dive, and rid themselves of the striped enemy.

With heads bent low and eyes full of fire, the transcripts and rid themselves of the striped enemy.

With heads bent low and eyes full of fire, the tapirs rushed on.

"I'll treat el tigre to a shot, and, if I can, do el tapir a service!" said Nicholas, calmly lifting his weapon, and waiting till the herd came within gun-shot.

"May the Virgin guide your bullet, señor!" ejaculated Elgardo.

The plunging herd which at first threatened to run the three young hunters down, was now passing to their left on their road to the river. They were within easy gun-shot; but the motions of the animal that carried the jaguar were such as to render Nick's shot very uncertain. But the boy took a steady aim, and when he thought he had caught "the bead," touched the trigger.

A cry from Elgardo announced that the shot had told, and the boy-marksman with flushed face saw el tigre fall from the neck of his chosen victim! Down among the plunging achyderms he went, and disappeared; but only

for a moment.

When the tapirs passed on our friends saw the terror of the Amazonian forest lying still on the ground, crushed by the feet of the frightened herd. When the trio reached his side they found him dead; the true aim of the oy Nimrod had sent the bullet through his Bravo, Nicholas!" shouted Jack, patting his

young friend on the back. "My first condor and your first tiger will never be forgotten. Hark! what was that?"

"Nothing," said Elgardo, with a smile. "El tapir has taken to the water!"
But the boys looked, and saw the herd plunge beneath the waves of the Amazon.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 484.)

# Through Fire and Water.

Al," remarks the friend sitting beside him, have you given in your allegiance to La grande yet?"

replies the other, in a deep, rich voice. "No," replies the other, in a deep, rich voice,
"You painters are a self-complacent set," affirms Joe Vesey, with a touch of impatience.
"Confound you! the biggest lion of you all is
only a sort of hand-organ attachment—without
disparagement to present company!"

"Just so!" assents Al Westerman. "Pray
don't apologize. Our roar is like the bass-drum

that attracts the small boys to the show."

"Exactly. Well, La Grande has a new attraction this season, and she'll be sure to hunt you up, that don't deserve it. Now, if I didn't push my way, I might stand in the background

forever!"

"And what is to be seen 'upon the inside'?"
asked Al, affecting the patois of a showman.

"A modern Juno, as proud as her ancient prototype. To her, hearts are but eggshells."

"No doubt. How delightful—"
But the remark was cut short by a shout, followed by the screens of fainting women and

lowed by the screams of fainting women and moans of terror from others who retained their consciousness. And the scene of merriment was suddenly transformed into a spectacle of

wildest confusion and dismay.
Out on the sea a wild-eyed man was swimning toward the shore as if for dear life. White ips said that the woman he had been floating

ad gone down.

The occupants of the life-boats, at some little The occupants of the life-boats, at some little distance, were beating the water with their oars, and shouting at the top of their lungs.

In an instant Al Westerman was on his feet. He learned that the appearance of a shark had occasioned all this dismay, and that out there over the waves, a woman was deserted by her companion and left to drown.

Boots and coat were off in a twinkling. Then a man with flying hair was seen to rush down the beach and plunge into the surf.

A momentary submersion, and he appeared, swimming with might and main, his head high

out of the water, his eyes flashing.
Without a glance he passed the craven, and swam on until he held a limp form in his arms.
Then he turned and battled for the shore. One hero makes many; and men who had fled efore, now waded to their necks in the sea, to

neet the bold swimmer, and relieve him of his But he declined their proffered assistance, and though staggering with exhaustion, bore up the beach to a bathing-house the woman he had

saved.

After one glance at that perfectly molded and now marble-like face, he jealously guarded her from any hands but his own.

The frightened bathers gathered around him, and followed him, and he heard a voice say:

"It is Miss Atherton, Mrs. La Grande's pro-

had not been disturbed—not even by the prying and pillaging monkeys—and once more the trio grasped good guns.

"Breakfast first!" said Elgardo; but the two boys looked at him in surprise.

Breakfast when the forest was still? for not even a macaw was to be seen! But Elgardo smiled at their look, and mysteriously said that a good breakfast was not far off.

Bidding the boys gather a quantity of dry

And then, without a murmur, this Juno sunk

And so matters went on.

It was half an hour before she came to, of her own accord, and crept into the house.

It was the old story—he was a poor painter, and she had been true to the teachings of that society of which her aunt, La Grande, was a dazzling representative.

And so matters went on.

Janie and Gerald Ardmore were much to gether, and learning with eagerness the lesson of first love—at least Janie was, unconscious that she was taking the initial step to a broken heart.

While the glorious autumnal days sped by and waned, in daytime the lovers wandered in

"Fire! fire! fire! fire!" The cry rung through the crowded hotel. Then dense clouds of acrid smoke filled all the

Then dense clouds of acrid smoke filled all the avenues of escape, enveloping the mass of struggling human beings, converting those once peaceful corridors into a pandemonium, where death flapped his ebon wings and terror froze the blood with his awful cries.

The jostling crowd in the street stared helplessly at an inaccessible window which framed a vision as beautiful as a poet's dream. And streetching forth her hands, the woman gazed in acconized appeal to her fellow-creatures who

stretching forth her hands, the woman gazed in agonized appeal to her fellow-creatures who were powerless to do aught but pity.

Then up the stairway, where the red tongues of flame lapped the rail which his hand grasped, sped a man who threw his life in the balance, taking no thought of self.

A few shouted directions—a few rapid movements—and he held her in his arms with a wet towel wrapped about her head.

Then down through that fiery simoom he bore her, now sinking upon his knees, struggling up

Then down through that fiery simcom he bore her, now sinking upon his knees, struggling up again, staggering, reeling, to fall on his face on the pavement, only after he had reached the pure air and safety.

Safety for her; but the man—
"He will be hideously scarred for life, and his right hand will never wield the brush again!"
So said rumor.

Grace Atherton went to him in his darkened room and on her knees beside his couch, with

room, and on her knees beside his couch, with tears streaming from her eyes, said:

"Dear Albert, once you asked me for my love; and though my heart was bursting with love for you, my pride crushed it. Now my heart humbles my pride, and I come to sue for your love and forgiveness!"

your love and forgiveness!"
Need we record his answer?
Rumor, as it often does, had exaggerated Al
Westerman's hurts. He was not scarred for
life; neither did his right hand forget its cumning. And to-day those two who had reached
each other through fire and water make as
handsome a couple as one need wish to see.

#### Capt. Kidd's Treasure; OR.

## THE GUEST'S DREAM.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

"There's a guest for you to entertain, there in the sittin'-room, Maria, and you'll do your best for supper, for we're both uncommon hungry," said Farmer Granger, bustling into the kitchen, where Mrs. Granger, a buxom little rosy-cheeked matron, was preparing the evening meal, "a real spruced-up chap, too, whom I met at the bank. Money? why, molcain, he's got a wallet full of bills, and said he'd pay well for a couple of days' rest an' quiet in the country. Won't put you out, will it?"

"No, Seth, though I could have wished he'd not come until after Jennie had come home on her vacation."

"Oh, fudge! we can manage that all right. Janie loves her parents too much to have eyes for a stranger. And, bless my soul, if here in't the gal, now!" as a pretty young lady of eighteen, stylishly attired and graceful in every movement, entered the room. "Why, deary,

"I arrived this afternoon, and mamma and I had arranged to give you a surprise, but I couldn't keep out of sight," replied the blushing girl, as the big-hearted farmer gave her a re-

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

A LONG stretch of yellow sand—the white surf, picturesque with bathers—the smiling sea—the deep, blue sky, with its fleecy cloud-ships!

Stretched at full length on the sand, beneath the shade of an umbrella, is the figure of a man remarkable for symmetry and strength. His features are of delicate, patrician mold, his eyes clear and constant.

"Al," remarks the friend sitting health." the chores, leaving Jennie to assist Mrs. Granger in preparing the evening meal, for of course little extras and dainties had to be added to the farmer's table that night, in honor of Janie's visit, and the presence of a wealthy

Janie was the only child of the Grangers and, having finished a liberal education, was as sistant in the high school of a neighboring city from which she now was to take her first vaca-tion in a visit to the good old farm, which was very dear to her as a cheerful home.

She was a charming young girl, endowed with Nature's gift of personal beauty, and also as pure and beautiful in heart and principles as he was in person. And they were not few that recognized Janie's gifts and womanly worth, in consequence of which she had many suitors even among the upper class of B——; but, owing to her love for her parents, and the dear old homestead, she was still heart-free, and the nicest little girl in a county of towns, as Farmer Granger secretly commented, as he reëntered the kitchen from the barn, and saw her graceful

form flitting around.
"Purty? Bless me, there's not a farmer along the valley as kin beat her; an' then she's got ther brain, too, with plenty o' education to back it, ef I do say. Here, Maria, can't ye stow this away in some safe nook 'til the morrer?" and the farmer handed his wife a little tin safe, ornamented with a tiny neallock.

farmer handed his wife a little tin safe, ornamented with a tiny padlock.

"What! didn't you put it in the bank, Seth?"

Mrs. Granger exclaimed, nervously.

"No, gal. I got ther money fer the farm, but didn't git to the bank soon enough to deposit it, afore they closed up for the day. Tomorrer'll do just as well."

"I know, Seth, but three thousand dollars is a great sum to keep in the house over night, and a stranger here, too."

a great sum to keep in the house over night, and a stranger here, too."

"'Sh! don't speak so loud. I guess it will be all right, though I do wish I'd got the pesky stuff in the bank. The guest in t'other room is above suspicion, however—a clear gentleman!"

And so Mr. Gerald Ardmore appeared, when the whole family of Grangers made him welcome. He was well educated, refined, and po-

Was a New York broker, he stated, who, recruit. And if his gentlemanly ways and handsome blonde-mustached face won favor in the eyes of the good farmer and his wife, they kindled the heart of Janie—sweet, modest little Janie, into positive admiration. Of all men, Mr. Ardmore was just the one for her, she thought.

in yer notions! Ef Ardmore's got the tin, he's the chap for Janie. And if the gal succeeds in gittin' him, I'll make over to her that three thousand dollars I sold the old place for."

And so matters went on.

Janie and Gerald Ardmore were much to gether, and learning with eagerness the lesson of first love—at least Janie was, unconscious that she was taking the initial step to a broken

While the glorious autumnal days sped by and waned, in daytime the lovers wandered in the forest and by the running stream; at the eventide they sat in the cheery farm-house with Farmer Granger and his wife, and passed the evening by telling stories, and partaking of beech and chestauts, rosy-cheeked apples, and such cider as only the good farmer was so fortunate as to have.

And it all seemed like a dream, or a captivat-

And it all seemed like a dream, or a captivat-ng romance to Janie, happy, innocent little

Ardmore was a genial fellow, and had a large stock of quaint yarns and incidents to relate, all of which the farmer and his wife enjoyed,

all of which the farmer and his wife enjoyed, in their free and easy way.

"And, by the way, Mr. Granger!" the guest said, as they sat one evening before the roaring fire, "you have a piece of wooded swamp, I see. How much will you take for it?"

"Eh? what will I take for it? Why, bless you, if you want to buy, I'll let you have it dog-cheap. Partly sold it, once before, and have the papers all drawn up. What'll you give?"

"I'll make you an offer of fifty dollars for it," replied Ardmore.

replied Ardmore.

"And I accept!" cried the farmer, delightedly. "It's a bargain."

And so it was, for the proper papers were drawn up and signed, and the farmer received a fifty-dollar note for his two acres of worthless beggy swamp.

a fifty-dollar note for his two acres of worthless boggy swamp.

"And now," Mr. Ardmore said, "I'll tell you why I purchased the land, that you may be relieved of your curiosity. I have to return to the city to-morrow, and I wish to investigate before I go. You've no doubt heard of Captain Kidd's treasure—fabulous stories have been told concerning what the pirate chief once buried, but I never paid the least attention to such trash, until I came to stop with you, since when I have had many dreams that a portion of Kidd's treasure was secreted in a hollow tree in this identical swamp I have just purchased. The conviction has worked upon me, night and in this identical swamp I have just purchased. The conviction has worked upon me, night and day, and I made up my mind to test the truth or falsity of the dream, by investing fifty dollars. As I have to depart to-morrow, we will go search early in the morning."

And they did go search, the guest and whole Granger family—found a hollow tree in the swamp, and the farmer cut it down.

And the discovery came that the dream was true!

Two bags of silver were found in the hollow stump, which on count yielded thirty-five hun-dred dollars in silver coin, all bright and tempt-

dred dollars in silver coin, all bright and tempting in appearance.

Of course Ardmore was overjoyed, and so were the Grangers.

"But it is such a pity that the treasure was not in paper!" the New York broker said, in seeming perplexity. "I could take it to the city with me, and put it in the bank."

"Neow see here!" Farmer Granger said, opening his big heart; "I think I see a way out of the mire. I've got three thousan' in the B—bank, an' I can let ye have it, and keep the wuth of it in silver. I allus did like hard money, an' then I can pay it out on a new farm

For know ye, reader kind, that the Kidd treasure was all counterfeit coin, not worth above its weight as lead!

# A Texan Mine.

BY BERT. L. THOMPSON.

I HAD bought a deserted cattle ranch in Northwestern Texas, and finding leisure from other business, went there to inspect my purchase. It had been an unlucky place to its previous owners, but I felt it something pleasant to know myself possessor of a sweep of rolling prairie-land which extended for miles, and the freedom and vigor of the open-air life had irresistible

charms for me.
"I never was half a man before," I said, en

"I never was half a man before," I said, enthusiastically to Hans, my stolid German assistant. "I wouldn't give up the ranch to-day for
twice what I gave for it."

"If he settles not for you!" grunted Hans.
"He? Who? Oh, it—the place, you mean,"
for I was sometimes misled by his mixture of
pronouns. "How do you expect such a thing

as that to happen?"

It took some coaxing to make the reticent fellow speak out his mind, but it was evident that he had a superstitious feeling on the point. The ranch had a bad name, I learned at last. It began when one Quartrell had owned it, and associates, one of whom in a falling out with his host, had knifed him on his own ground. And of the three men who had succeeded him, every one had met with a violent death inside of the boundary line. It was evident that Hans looked upon me as a dwarf of the way. ooked upon me as a doomed creature, he was ny of keeping too close company with me as he days went on; and so it frequently happened that we saw nothing of each other from the time we parted in the early morning until we met for the night—a state of affairs I had occa-sion both to regret and rejoice over as you shall

One day found me alone in what we called the north tract, chasing a scattered score or so of cattle which bore my brand but had proved themselves too wild to be gathered into the general drove. I believe Hans was of the opinion that they were bewitched. Two yearling calves from their midst had disappeared unaccountably from the corral where a part of the herd had been imprisoned, in such a manner that he was convinced there were cannibals among them. My own observation showed me nothing thought.

And evidently Mr. Ardmore took more than usual interest in the little beauty, for he lengthened his stay at the cosey farm-house into the edge of October, with its russet and brown, and orchards and vineyards of lovely fruit.

While the farmer and his wife looked on, and saw how matters were going—the mother anxious, but the genial, big-hearted farmer content to let things shape for themselves, for he said, often:

"There's no use o' frettin', Maria; ye see our Janie's clear gone on the feller, an' why shouldn't we be satisfied, when she's makin' a big match; for I writ to cousin Barton, in New York, an' he says Mr. Ardmore is as rich as old Crossus, an' mighty popular, too."

"I know, Seth," Mrs. Granger would say, as she ceased coring apples, to gaze into the ruddy which a couple of sun-spots grew brighter as

"Miss Atherton," he was saying, in icy tones, in my mistake is that of the sculptor who loved bit of beautifully-fashioned marble. I thought in the delusion. Good-evening."

He turned on his heel and left her with a firm, incompromising tread, that Mars might have incompromising tread, that Mars might have incompromising tread, that Mars might have incompromediately. They're more like our line."

"Adon't know what I did then, but I have a vague remembrance of screaming out in sudden the turned on his heel and left her with a firm, incompromising tread, that Mars might have a valve of the birch-fire, "and maybe it's all things came back to a natural appearance before my dazzled eyes.

I don't know what I did then, but I have a vague remembrance of screaming out in sudden the turned on his heel and left her with a firm, incompromising tread, that Mars might have a vague remembrance of screaming out in sudden the turned on his heel and left her with a firm, incompromising tread, that Mars might have a vague remembrance of screaming out in sudden the turned on his heel and left her with a firm, incompromising tread, that Mars might have a vague remembrance of screaming out in sudden the turned on his heel and left her with a firm, in the chapter of the birch-fire, "and maybe it's all things came back to a natural appearance before my dazzled eyes.

I don't know what I did then, but I have a vague remembrance of screaming out in sudden the place that for a moment I doubted my own san-incompromising tread, that Mars might have a vague remembrance of screaming out in sudden the turned on his heel and left her with a firm, in the chapter of the birch-fire, "and maybe it's all things came back to a natural appearance before my dazzled eyes.

I don't know what I did then, but I have a vague remembrance of screaming out in sudden the turned on his heel and left her with a firm, in the chapter of the place that for a moment I doubted my dazzled eyes. I don't know what I did then, but I have a vague remembrance of screaming out in sudden terror. The thing I saw was so foreign to the place that for a moment I doubted my own sanity. The gigantic striped form and gleaming eyes, the long tail lashed softly from side to side, the creature's fetid breath as it swept over me, were like Hans's story of the ranch-owner who, haunted by such shapes, had been driven to suicide, and whom I had skeptically settled in my own mind to have been a victim of del. in my own mind to have been a victim of del. trems. But in another moment my brain had regained its balance, and I comprehended my situation—completely trapped, and having for my companion as fine a specimen of a Bengal tiger as it was ever my fortune, good or bad, to

That the brute was looking at me in doubt and suspicion was very evident. A low growl issued from his throat, and he stood with body vibrating from side to side, while I realized with sickening horror that my gun was strapped fast to my saddle, and I was without other fire-

There was a knife at my belt, rather a formidable affair, and my fingers closed upon the handle, though a conflict at close quarters could have but one result. Before I could withdraw it the growl changed to a warning note, and the blow of a descending paw rent my clothing and scraped my flesh in a manner that was, to say the least, uncomfortably suggestive. The tiger wavered over me for an instant, with teeth tiger wavered over me for an instant, with teeth bared and cavernous red throat pulsing in my sight, and then as I lay perfectly quiet it gradually fell back to a crouching position. The incessant swaying of that long, thin tail grew faster and faster. The brute was working himself into the proper sort of fury for an attack, and presently began to creep around me, with the eyes that were like narrowing points of light never turned for one instant away. Nevertheless, I had managed to draw my knife without exciting any further demonstrations, and with my left hand I was digging desperately, though cautiously, into the tough clay beand with my left hand I was digging desperately, though cautiously, into the tough clay beneath me for a bit of rock, the sharp edge of which I felt. It loosed in my hand as I saw the watchful eyes flame with sudden fury, and the beast crouched preparing to spring. I sprung up myself simultaneously, flinging the rock with all my force, and trying to evade the expected attack by darting aside, but the creature was too quick for me, and I went down before its ponderous weight, the weapon struck from my grasp, and as I waited shudderingly for the massive jaws to close upon quivering flesh and crunching bone, fully convinced that my last moment had come, the tiger turned its head and seemed to be listening.

"Solgrim! Solgrim! Solgrim!" came in tense, sharp, commanding tones.

sharp, commanding tones.

A little quiver ran through the striped body above me.

"Solgrim, here, sir! Come here! Here, I "Solgrim, here, sir! Come here! Here, I say!"

The figure of a man had appeared at the opening of the pit above us. A moment after he came cautiously down its shelving side, reiterating his command, and followed, as I could see, by other forms. I saw no more until I had been dragged into the open air above, and recovered consciousness to find Solgrim secured and his keeper and attendants grouped around congratulating me upon my escape, and themselves upon the fact that their prize was not injured.

seeming perplexity. "I could take it to the city with me, and put it in the bank."

"Neow see here!" Farmer Granger said, opening his big heart; "I think I see a way out of the mire. I've got three thousan' in the B—bank, an' I can let ye have it, and keep the wuth of it in silver. I allus did like hard money, an' then I can pay it out on a new farm I'm about purchasin'!"

"It would greatly accommodate me," Ardmore said, "and when I come back to claim your inestimable daughter, here, this treasure of Kidd's shall go into Mrs. Janie's hands for pin-money!"

And so it was arranged. There was a tearful parting, for a few short weeks, between Janie and her lover, that morning, and then Ardmore and Farmer Granger drove over to B—Here the handsome broker received three thousand in greenbacks in exchange for the Kidd treasure, and giving the honest farmer a cordial hand-shake stepped aboard the cars and was sped away—where to?

A corps of competent detectives are just now agitating this question, but without success, for a certain notable "shover" of the "queer" is laying low; while in the Granger farm-house the good farmer sits and "storms" over his illuck; but even his loss is not half so painful as Janie's—poor Janie, whose "love's young dream" has come to such a strange ending.

For know ye, reader kind, that the Kidd treasure was all counterfeit coin, not worth

## Beat Time's Notes.

BASE-BALL games know no bounds. An old-fashioned schoolmaster is a strapping fellow.

Many artists who are so free with ochre might be called mediocre. One glass eye is very good, but two glass eyes are no account at all.

SNUFF is very good in a pinch, but a pair of tight boots never are. MANY men who are in the habit of swearing off are in the habit of swearing off-ten.

THE nicest features in spring millinery, so squaggs says, are those of his girl's face. It is a high recommendation to say of a fel-ow that he is all honest except his hands.

ould start a lunatic asylum on his own hook and WHY is it that a woman will leave \$50,000 worth of modesty at home to wear \$25 worth of paste-diamonds?

I know a fellow who is so big a fool that he

A PERSON with pretty hands is handsome, and a person with pretty feet is feetsome, as far as we can measure with a two-foot rule. If a man loses a pocket-knife he will advertise

for it and offer a reward, but if he loses his re-putation he says nothing about it but lets it go. NIGHT with its stars and its moon, its quiet and peace—how beautiful and serene, how lovely and delightful—unless you have lost your

"Он, yes," said Jones, "I have made something at this business." "What have you made?" asked Brown. "Well, I've made an

"Do you sell by weight, Mr. Groceryman?"
"Certainly we do." "Well, I want a dollar's
worth of sugar and you wait six months for
your pay." The grocer said: "Please wait." If you want to loom up in the minds of your neighbors get a dog, one that is not averse to barking all night. If they don't think a good deal of you you can charge it to me and settle the bill yourself.

Fish produce brains. A young man who has lately been living entirely on sardines has produced a poem on the advent of the beautiful spring which he won't take one hundred dollars

or and-neither will the editor. I HAVE had such a cold in my head of late that I could not tell the truth under any circumstances. I could not pay a debt. That cold was so bad that nobody would trust me for a cent. My rich relatives disowned me, and my wife ignored me. I had more cold in my head than you could cram into a refrigerator.

In all published interviews, questions are asked which amount to nothing. Why, for the benefit of mankind, do they not ask such questions of importance as these? "Who struck Billy Patterson?" "What do you know of perpetual motion?" "When is the world coming to an end?" "How can you tell a woman's age without offense?" "Who were the mound-builders?" "How can you take the curl out of a pie's tail?" and can you take the curl out of a pig's tail?" and "How can you effectually cure corns?"